

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,521, Vol. 97.

20 February, 1904.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The news of the third attack on Port Arthur, made on Sunday 14 February, is still obscure. Admiral Togo ascribes to it a great moral effect; if this is the sole virtue claimed for it by the attacking party, its concrete effect we may be sure was not considerable. Apparently two cruisers out of a larger fleet were enabled to get within reach of the ships in the harbour under shelter of a snowstorm and two torpedoes were fired and exploded, with what effect we do not know; the destruction of a "scout" is ambiguous as it might mean anything from a first-class cruiser to a steam pinnacle: the attack itself is evidence of the sealing of Port Arthur—in that lies its main importance. Japanese efforts are now probably being directed to bringing the Vladivostok cruiser squadron to account, and the next news may be expected from that direction: the arrival of the "Nisshin" and the "Kasuga" at Yokosuka will enable Japan to take immediate steps for its destruction. The Russian squadron at Jibuti is not likely to risk a further advance to the East until reinforced by the ships stated to be now on their way from the Baltic. Japan is in temporary command of the Pacific, and may so far have improved her position before such a junction can be effected as to be able to concentrate against any Russian reinforcements from the southward. In the meantime an interesting question may be raised as to how far Russia is entitled to take advantage of the hospitality of the neutral port of Jibuti: she is checked in every direction for want of a suitable naval base whence to operate.

As to the first attack on Port Arthur, the reports from Tokio that two Japanese ships were slightly damaged and the Russian popular account, supported in some details by Admiral Alexeieff's telegram published in S. Petersburg on Thursday, that fifteen of the enemy's ships were hit and the fleet forced to retire, do not materially add to our knowledge of the first battle of the campaign; but other information, as well as the corroborative evidence of the clamour against the Admiral and the retreat of General Alexeieff and the headquarter staff, suggest that

the damage was at least as great as in Admiral Alexeieff's first messages. The further accounts of the sinking, or rather scuttling, of the Korietz and Variag off Chemulpho go to show the extreme courage of the Russian seamen; and the cheering of the foreign ships adds a curious note of old courtesy to the fight. Whatever the extent of the Japanese success the withdrawal of the Russian headquarter staff to Harbin must be wise. Port Arthur may always be cut off even by an accident on the railway, and Harbin at the junction of the line to Port Arthur and Vladivostok is clearly the right centre for organisation. But the withdrawal represents the opening of the second stage in the war. The command of the sea is temporarily abandoned; and the Russian problem will for the time being consist in anticipating the line of Japanese advance. A battle on the Yalu and, if successful, a landing on the Liao-tung peninsula with an advance on some point of the Port Arthur line is the most natural development of the situation.

A feature of the serious fighting has been the very small loss of life in comparison with the damage to machinery. In smaller affairs on the other hand the loss of life has been considerable. In the accidental blowing up of the "Yenesei" 4 officers and 92 men were lost; one of the Vladivostok vessels is reported to have sunk a Japanese merchantman with all hands. The big battle which must take place on the north boundary of Korea in the near future will be of a different nature. It is said, though one must believe the figures to be exaggerated, that the Japanese have landed 300,000 troops in Korea where they have been welcomed by the Korean Government; and the Russians are certainly concentrating on the Yalu. It is remarkable that in an "official communiqué" published in S. Petersburg on Thursday the Russian Government states that "operations on land must not be expected for some time", partly, it is suggested, because Russia, hoping for peace, had not made sufficient preparations, partly because the punishment to Japan must be worthy the dignity of the Russian Empire. It is a curious document and would have been better for the omission of the accusations of treachery. Nor do the unauthenticated and reprehensible accusations of cruelty against the Russians justify an answer in kind.

The blue-book on Manchuria gives as suggestive an illustration of diplomatic procedure as the negotiations concerning Tibet; but Lord Lansdowne in this case goes further in candid expression of our whole Eastern

policy. We are willing—and it must be confessed that the willingness is forced—to grant Russia pre-eminence of influence in Manchuria but we desire complete freedom of trade and it is Lord Lansdowne's complaint that recent assurances of Russian evacuation have been accompanied by some accentuation of the policy of excluding foreigners. The Russian position in its way is put as clearly as ours. Count Benckendorf reiterates again and again that his Government intends to evacuate Manchuria as soon as it is possible. When Lord Lansdowne wishes to make assurances doubly sure, Count Benckendorf in a rather neat reply expresses reluctance to give further promises which circumstances may prevent the Russian Government fulfilling. What we look for in vain is a satisfactory statement of the causes which make evacuation impossible. But perhaps the parallel with Egypt will help us a little to understand the Russian case.

It is a pitiable thing that in these days national enmities may be dangerously excited and supported by any irresponsible scribbler. The report quoted from an English paper that Wei-hai-wei had been used by the Japanese as a naval base for their attacks on Port Arthur has spread and is believed all over Russia, caused questions in the House, induced Lord Lansdowne to cable out to Wei-hai-wei for information, and may continue for an indefinite time to aggravate Russian feeling. Compare the act with the agent. The whole origin was a small paragraph scribbled off under the pressure of the need of something to say in a column of naval notes by a journalist, wholly without any special information not supplied by his active brain, in the office of an evening paper of which it was recently said—in illustration of its responsible continuity—that the staff was challenged to a cricket match by a twenty-two of its ex-editors. It is easy to twit the Russians with inability to separate important and unimportant papers. Could we gauge all Russian papers?

The news from the Near East is already serious and the prospect for the spring as bad as at any date of recent years. The Albanians are in arms in great numbers. The Turks are reported to have lost a considerable number of men at Babaj-Hoshi where the Turkish general with less than 3,000 men was besieged by 20,000 Albanians. Russia's difficulties will encourage both Bulgaria and Turkey and it will be impossible for Russia to leave the carrying out of the scheme wholly to Austria. Lord Lansdowne covered the whole recent history of the question in a very lucid speech in the House of Lords on Tuesday; and we may accept it as some definite accomplishment that the Turkish irregulars have been disbanded and that the Macedonian gendarmerie is already under foreign control. But if the war in the Far East is greatly prolonged Lord Lansdowne may be forced into that freedom of action which he reserved, though it is to be hoped not. Austria and Russia have not wholly succeeded, but the alternative to the dual control is a European concert, and we have every precedent for believing that the concert is slow and cumbrous in proportion to the number of nations represented.

It is a curious accident that the Government majority, in a smaller House, was exactly the same on the amendment on Chinese labour as on the fiscal amendment; and fifty-one represents approximately half the formal majority. It is easy to make out a sentimental case against the Chinaman; but Liberals forget that for the English Government to interfere with the expressed wish of a majority of the Transvaal population would be an outrage against every Liberal principle. Nor was this the only detail in which excess of sentiment contradicted its own standard of liberality. A large proportion of the Opposition arguments, especially in the mover's speech, were based on the ignorant and churlish presumption that the Chinaman is a thing horrendum et nefas. Within the colony he is objected to by the minority chiefly, though not confessedly, because he is a good workman: in England among a class, larger, we are afraid, than the advanced sentimentalists, because his moral standards are presumed, after the common way of Western conceit, to

be "peculiar" and low. We think better, because we know better, of John Chinaman.

Mr. Lyttelton in some ways was unduly tender with the extreme sentimentalists. He gave up a great part of his speech to a conscientious review of all the safeguards which are to prevent the peculiar dangers, moral and social, which a priori are supposed to issue from the introduction of an isolated colony. But were these safeguards many degrees less careful, the Chinese labourer would still justify himself against his critics. For example those Boers who sent in their belated protest are in favour of a system of forced labour at imposed wages. The Chinaman will come willingly and will leave the country in a few years; and such is the growing need of labour that the introduction is entirely unlikely to prejudice the interests of either the white or native labourers who are now available. We believe that the opinion of the majority of the colonists has been given, but on this subject Mr. Lyttelton made a curious mistake for a Colonial Secretary in denying that the referendum, suggested by Opposition speakers, is known within the Empire: it is commonly resorted to in New Zealand. But the cardinal point, which is further emphasised by later news from the Transvaal, is that bankruptcy is imminent and the present deficit of £350,000 will steadily increase. It can be evaded only by the introduction of cheap labour.

The result of the elections in Cape Colony may mean, if the success is improved, some permanent change in the imperial feeling of the colony. The Progressives have now a majority of five in the House of Assembly and of one in the Legislative Assembly; and the worst examples of Cape politicians, Sir Gordon Sprigg, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Sauer, Mr. Schreiner, have lost their seats. A thoroughgoing Redistribution Bill will be the first duty of the Progressive party. On no theory of representation—though none is wholly logical—can the present system be justified. It amounts practically to the disfranchisement of the urban population, in which the British vote is predominant. The member for Victoria represents 390 votes, each member for Cape Town itself 3,200. It would not of course be just to apply a purely numerical canon on the Canadian system. The wider and remoter districts have a claim to a measure of representation that expresses their peculiar interests as well as their number; but in the past this claim has been greatly exaggerated largely for racial and political reasons, and in amending the prejudiced anomaly the Progressives have a great chance, if they can find a leader who is in any real sense a statesman. Dr. Jameson has certainly not yet deserved that title. Nevertheless he is the successor to Cecil Rhodes' ambition, and we must hope has lost something of his rather blatant sentiment.

The fiscal debate was something of a failure, Liberal rejoicing notwithstanding; and the best comment on this failure is the difference between the Government's minority of speakers and majority of votes. An unusual number of members showed a desire to speak, both of protectionists and free fooders: and we can believe that now and again the Speaker's duty was not easy. But the excessive majority of free traders who made themselves heard was wholly incommensurate either with their numerical weight, as the division showed, or with their superior supply of argument: they predominated, thanks to the surprisingly unarithmetical average of their success in catching the Speaker's eye. After Mr. Redmond's topsyturvy decision, strictly in keeping with the tone of the debate, to vote for the amendment though he thoroughly disapproved of its contents, the size of the majority was surprising, considering that twenty-six Unionist members seceded. Why did not Mr. Wyndham wind up the debate? Mr. Akers-Douglas did not seem to know in what capacity he was speaking. Most of the time he apparently thought he was still Chief Whip.

Mr. Gibson Bowles' attack on Mr. Chamberlain was of course clever, but rather forced. We doubt whether he will ever surpass in wit and daring combined the

level of his famous Joseph and the Land of Goschen speech of five or six years ago. Forty centuries looking down on Mr. Chamberlain from the Pyramids "with some curiosity" would have been better if this Pyramid jest had not done duty over and over again. Why years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain was in Egypt, "Punch", if we recollect rightly, pictured it and "Punch" was not the first to do so. Mr. Bowles went rather far in his raillery, and he could not be surprised if some about him walked out to show their distaste. But what a pity the high powers of the Tory party did not long ago absorb Mr. Bowles! One cannot forget the brilliant work he did for his side at the time of the Death Duties debate. Mr. Bowles is a modest man, and thinks and says that he has been a failure in Parliament. He would not have failed if Disraeli had been his leader. Somebody in keeping Mr. Bowles out of office, when Lord Rosebery's Government was defeated, showed a grievous lack of imagination.

Did all these speeches affect a vote? The party system would perish if members put off being convinced till the debate was over and the division bells were set ringing. Hence when, say, Sir William Harcourt turns clean round to his friends behind him, or Mr. Asquith strikes the box—as he did, by the way, hard on Monday night—it is not for votes, within the House at any rate, that the orator is appealing. Speeches only very rarely influence votes in the House—at least not when the occasion is very important. During the last Home Rule debate, it was supposed that two or three M.P.s were watching with an open mind. Mr. Bolton and Dr. Wallace were steeped in an alluring atmosphere of mystery for a few glorious days, because they were said to be watching. Similarly there appear to have been two or three genuine and rather agonised watchers during the fiscal debate. Most of the questions put to the Government by the free-food M.P.s were no doubt inspired by a cordial wish to put the Government in a fix: but we really believe that two or three unfortunate Unionists sought light till the last. And here is really an extraordinary fact—unique probably in party politics—even one who was for years the chief whip and organiser could not supply this light. Think of it—a chief whip, a great party occasion, and M.P.s who cannot get from him guidance as to how they shall vote!

The first day of the Lords debate on the policy which Lord Lansdowne described as "negotiation and retaliation" was only less deficient in definiteness than the debate in the Commons. Lord Crewe framed his motion with the idea of finding out definitely whether the Government meant so far to put itself above the control of Parliament as to follow its own discretion in details, after extracting a general leave for the imposition or remission of duties. Lord Salisbury's amendment asserted the supremacy of Parliament in suave and general language to which no objection is possible; but it left the cardinal issue where it was. Until the Government has made out and declared the details of its retaliation policy it is not of much use to argue with Lord Balfour how far it may be indirectly protective. On Friday the Duke of Devonshire explained the reasons for his retirement from the Cabinet, which however he said were very much those of Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton. He had not fully grasped the significance of the terms of Mr. Chamberlain's retirement. He did not complain of Mr. Balfour's letter; and he expressed regret if his want of decision had caused inconvenience. The week has thus been spent in discussions which have never reached the point round which they centred. The only exception is Mr. Wyndham's assurance that he was going to introduce an amending Irish Land Bill.

The defeat of Mr. Vicary Gibbs in Mid Hertfordshire was the issue of the past not the future policy of the Government, and for that reason as little interesting as possible, in spite of the large turn-over of votes. The nonconformists, among the better of whom in past elections the fear of Pro-Boerism had been the prevailing interest, voted in a solid body for

Mr. Slack, and under the advice of the Church Association 600 votes were given, with a disloyalty remarkable even for that body, against Mr. Gibbs because he was too good a churchman to answer to their satisfaction a captious political catechism. In some of the villages the "cheap loaf" cry was used unscrupulously and with some effect, but the Education Bill was made by the new member as well as his supporters the main plank; and if not one per cent. of the voters in the country places understood what it meant, all of them were taught to believe that in some way or other it was a Protestant's duty to protest against it. That unfortunate word has seldom been so perverted in application. Unhappily we are still without an important election in which imperial taxation is the dominating factor.

Eight by-elections which have just taken place in Canada are of hardly less interest from the point of view of the fiscal reformer than those which have taken place in England recently. Their importance may be gauged perhaps from the fact that the Radical manufacturer of headlines in the London press has boldly proclaimed that the Liberals carried five seats out of the eight. The truth is that the Liberals have lost one seat where before they had a huge majority, that they have won in the others by decreased majorities and that the Conservatives have held the two remaining seats by increased majorities. If by-elections have any significance at all, these eight Canadian contests go to prove that the influence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, not only in Ontario but in Quebec, is weakening. His attitude on the fiscal question has not been satisfactory. He has, however, shown himself so eager to catch every passing breeze of popular opinion that he may detect in the results of the latest appeals to the polls signs which will induce that energetic support of imperial issues, which he gave in the case of the South African war, when the Canadian people declared their view.

Correspondence which has passed during the last year between the Postmaster-General and the British Empire League on the subject of newspaper postal rates to the Colonies makes one thing at least quite clear. Rates cannot be reduced below those which obtain within the United Kingdom itself. The Imperial Government raises no objection to the Colonies lowering the cost of newspaper postage to this country and agrees to make no surcharge on the rates adopted by colonies. Newspapers sent from Canada to England cost less than newspapers sent from England to Canada. But England cannot make any reduction on her part because the present rate to Montreal or Quebec is that which is charged for the carriage of a paper to Kent or Cornwall. American papers unfortunately are given greater facilities for getting into the Dominion, and the mischief which the larger American supply works will never be counteracted till the Canadians have an inducement to take the British rather than American news sheet. Cheap newspaper postage to the Colonies is of much more imperial importance than cheap Colonial newspaper postage to Great Britain.

Lord Roberts' retirement removes the most serious anxiety as to the appointment of Inspector-General; which is still unsettled. It would appear to be true that there was some friction between Lord Roberts and the authorities, the especial marks of recognition now lavished upon him serving to smooth the separation. Certainly no one will cavil at these distinctions; Lord Roberts has done some good work in the field and has grown old in the service. Perhaps one ought not to scrutinise too narrowly the words of courtly encomiums, but it is impossible to resist a smile when we read that Lord Roberts has been unfailingly successful in the performance of every duty entrusted to him during his fifty years' service. Neither Napoleon nor Cæsar could claim any such record. Applied to Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief, such eulogium is really unkind, for it is suggestive. We do not remember any such pæans when a greater soldier, Lord Wolseley, retired.

The War Office Reconstruction Committee have not altogether had the courage of their original convictions. They first dismiss the existing military chiefs, and create four military members of the Council. Yet by a subsequent ordinance the old names of adjutant and quartermaster-general are restored, and the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance revived. We cannot help thinking that this is a mistake. The first military member is to be called the Chief of the Staff, which should please the so-called military reformers who have been clamouring for a German General Staff without understanding the meaning of the term. We fail, however, to see how the bestowal of this new title is to make much difference. Though under the new scheme large questions of policy may be more satisfactorily dealt with by the Council, it is becoming apparent that as regards the ordinary administrative work of the War Office, there will in the issue be little change, but a considerable amount of confusion for some time to come.

Two test actions brought by shareholders in the Standard Exploration Company against Lord Edward Pelham Clinton and General Gough-Calthorpe who were directors have been for several days before Mr. Justice Joyce. False statements are alleged to have been made in the prospectus: and the two defendants are sought to be made liable. The principal allegation is that large holdings were said to have been acquired in the London and Globe and its ancillary companies, the profits whereon were more than sufficient to pay a dividend of ten per cent. on the current year. The company failed a year after the prospectus was issued, and a dividend of seven shillings was paid to the creditors, none of the shareholders being paid anything. It is said the directors either knew or ought to have known the statements to be untrue. Evidence was given to show that the shares had been acquired and the profits made. As to the properties over which rights were said to have been obtained the directors contended that they were justified in believing what was said to be true; and generally that there was no misrepresentation and no omission of material contracts. A further defence is that the plaintiffs were not in fact induced to purchase their shares in consequence of the omission of alleged material contracts contrary to the requirements of the Companies Act 1867.

At University Hall on Thursday there was a meeting in support of Sir William Geary and Mr. Bernard Shaw, the Progressive candidates for South S. Pancras. Mr. Shaw made a speech which opened with much clever banter about himself. He declared that talents were the weakest and character the strongest part of himself. He ended in a graver key, declaring his enthusiasm for the Education Act. The welfare and education of the children were the first consideration. The compact must be honourably carried out. Londoners "need not be anxious about the disappearance of the School Board". After this we cannot see how the Church party can oppose Mr. Shaw at the elections. Mr. Shaw made a very graceful tribute to women—on whom as an artist he had been "tremendously and completely dependent" all his life.

The Duke of Norfolk's marriage with the Hon. Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell, which took place at Everingham last week, must have been a cruel disappointment to the connoisseurs in fashionable wedding ritual. It was positively homely. The facilities for those who cater for the society wedding public were meagre. What do they care about such a fact as this: "The Duke's gift to the inhabitants of Arundel was 5,900 lbs. of meat and 4,200 loaves"? The dresses are the thing at a wedding and the lists of the presents and where such information is obtainable the dowry of the bride and the income of the bridegroom. But the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk see things in a different light. They set a good example. The fashionable marriage show is a mockery. There is a society which aims at abolishing the nodding plumes and mutes of the orthodox funeral: there is room perhaps for another society to abolish the former at the marriage show.

THE FIRST ASSAULT—RESULT.

THE result of the two crucial divisions taken this week seems to point to the Government holding its own for a much longer period than many, including quite unprejudiced observers, had thought likely. There was more than a possibility of the Government majority on the fiscal division sinking below thirty, while the Government's own view was that the Chinese labour issue was even more critical to them than the fiscal. Both divisions have left them with a majority of fifty-one; quite a working majority. Not the severest critic can pretend that constitutional probity requires a Government that can command a majority in the House of Commons of fifty-one either to resign or to dissolve. There seems now to be no reason why the present Ministry should not go on steadily with their programme, choosing their own time to go to the country. The Opposition will hardly be able to muster a stronger combination against the Government than on these two issues of fiscal policy and Chinese labour for the Rand. Indeed they will find it difficult to get together a combination so strong. The Unionist dissentients on army policy will not be very many; on the Aliens Bill the Government will secure more than its real majority: and the Budget is not likely to have any startling features. The Licensing question is of course highly contentious; on the second reading of that bill the majority may again drop to about fifty, but we rather think not. There will hardly be a solid Irish vote against the Government on that matter. Altogether the course of the Ministry looks considerably smoother than might have been expected. Barring accidents, they should see the session through comfortably, if they wish. But room must always be left, of course, for accidents. Almost any issue may be raised on the estimates, and in present circumstances a sudden squall might overturn the Government. That is the difference between their position in the House now and a year ago; when a squall could at most but shake them. Certainly it is to be hoped that no such squall will arise. The position in the Far East, not only in the theatre of war but in Tibet, makes it extremely undesirable that anything should happen in this country to produce an impression on foreign Powers of instability in British politics. Even if the Opposition gave much more promise of making a strong Government than it does, a change would in present circumstances be unfortunate. Certainly we do not like the idea of our Eastern and Indian policy being in the hands of Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Lord Rosebery might have good intentions, but Sir Henry would be much stronger in frustrating them than Lord Rosebery in carrying them out. To hold together the Radical Government would have to be weak abroad, for they could agree only on a compromise. The Unionist Government, on the other hand, has to compromise on domestic affairs to agree, and its domestic policy is accordingly weakened. Radical Governments have to compromise on foreign policy, and weakness in foreign affairs is more dangerous to the country than weakness at home. It is quite possible that a Radical Government, composite of Little Englanders and Imperialists, dependent on a majority partly Unionist and partly Irish Nationalist, would be so afraid of taking a single step in foreign politics that, before they knew it, their timidity would involve this country in the Far Eastern war. No minister could have been more timid in foreign policy, with the intent of being cautious, than Mr. Gladstone; but he was very far from successful in keeping this country out of war.

The paramount importance in the politics of the Empire just now of continuity in Eastern policy is the best justification of Mr. Balfour's position on the fiscal question. He undoubtedly believed that by the retaliation compromise he could keep in the party many whom a programme of preferential tariffs would drive out. The calculation was not altogether wrong; but we believe it was short-sighted. It took no account of the effect on the constituencies, and overlooked numerous difficulties which such a compromise must necessarily provoke. In our view,

If fiscal reform could not be taken up in its entirety as an imperial policy, it would have been better to leave it entirely alone. We cannot say that the debate improved the Government's position on tariff policy. We do not think it was possible it could do so, no matter how well or how badly ministers played their part. They had to define an absolutely indefinite position; they had to address themselves to an issue which everyone knows is not the real issue to be fought out. In such a situation neither angels nor men could make a brave show. Mr. Wyndham did all that parliamentary ability could do; but he could not make the Government position clear. Does the Government mean to ask for power for the executive to impose and remit retaliatory duties, subject to Parliamentary revision only in the shape of an Act of Parliament? Anything short of that is not a policy at all; for it can be done now in the annual budget. If they do mean that, it involves a constitutional change of great significance. We might have no objection to such a change ourselves, but if the Ministry mean to face the brunt of such a struggle as that will involve, they had really better do it for some much bigger thing than mere fiscal retaliation, the feasibility of which we greatly doubt, even when the Government have got all the power they want from Parliament. And when we come to the party position, Mr. Akers-Douglas really confounded us all. The Government, he says, is absolutely against the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Now the Unionist party is fiscally divisible into three parts; those who are against the Government, the free fooders; those who are in favour of Mr. Chamberlain, whom the Government according to Mr. Akers-Douglas must be against; and a small intermediate group who agree with the Government and do not agree with Mr. Chamberlain. We leave it to a party manager of Mr. Akers-Douglas' experience to obtain any intelligible election policy for Unionists out of that analysis. His explanation is that the Government ought not to take up preferential tariffs until the people have pronounced unmistakably in their favour. But how are Unionists ever going to pronounce in their favour, if the Government definitely withhold that issue from the country, and declare themselves against such a policy? Can a pronounced Chamberlainite be a Government candidate? If he can, we have the grand paradox of a member of Parliament elected to support a Government which repudiates the policy which won him the seat.

It is a relief to turn from this absurd tangle to real economic issues. Mr. Asquith, in a speech which fell rather below his average through the obviousness of the effort to rise to a great occasion, took two points in criticism of a preference policy. He requires to be shown in the state of trade some justification of a change in tariff policy. Trade is not nearly bad enough to satisfy Mr. Asquith. He would have us wait till the disease has become incurable before we propose our cure. But it is of the essence of Mr. Chamberlain's position that he does not want to cure but to prevent. Preventive treatment does not require dangerous, but merely unhealthy, symptoms for its justification. And Mr. Asquith does not deny that there are some unhealthy symptoms in British trade. Mr. Haldane and he have to admit as much in order to justify their own preventive, better education: a preventive, by the way, which neither excludes nor competes with tariff reform, but is its complement. So that the state of trade has really nothing to do with the difference between Mr. Asquith and tariff reformers. The difference lies in the question, what has produced the unhealthy symptoms both admit? Will Mr. Asquith deny that imports into this country consist of manufactured and partially manufactured articles in steadily increasing proportion; and in decreasing proportion of raw materials for our manufactures? Will he deny that our exports are going through an exactly reverse process? And is not this result precisely what the tariff policy of protectionist countries was intended to produce?

Mr. Asquith takes another point. He insists that, since a duty must be protective to the exclusion of producing revenue or vice versa, we have no business to talk about revenue from preferential tariffs and their resulting in an improvement in trade at the same time. But

Mr. Asquith knows very well that in practice very few duties on manufactures, imported into a country which makes the same class of goods, are either wholly revenue or wholly protective, though each process excludes the other so far as it goes. As a matter of fact, import duties keep out a portion, large or small according to circumstances, of the goods protected against. In respect of that portion the import duty is protective; in respect of the residue which pays the duty and comes in, it is a revenue duty. So that an import duty may have both revenue and protective force, though not in respect of the same articles.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN OUTLOOK.

THERE is a passage in Heine where he talks of "that vague barren pathos, that useless effervescence of enthusiasm, which plunges with the spirit of a martyr into an ocean of generalities". The quotation aptly describes the nature of the opposition to imported labour in the Transvaal whose eccentricities we have witnessed during the past week. The arguments used against the proposal in the House of Commons and elsewhere were to us neither very honest nor very intelligent. Every possible appeal to prejudice has been made, and all logical coherence disappeared in the confusion of arguments, hastily adopted and imperfectly understood. The Chinaman could not be kept within the compound, but must sooner or later flood the country: the Chinaman would be kept within the compounds, and such restriction would be an offence to humanity. The cry of slavery was raised, always a useful emotional appeal: though it is difficult to see its application to a system where free agents, under the protection of two Governments, enter upon a contract for good consideration. The objections to the scheme are obvious and have been very frankly admitted by its supporters, a fact which we should have thought sufficient to put a stop to the accusation of bad faith, and compel its opponents to argue the question on its merits. But in reality the merits have had very little to do with the discussion. Behind the specious appeals to morality and emotion there lurks the ugly prejudice against South African prosperity. All arguments resolve themselves ultimately into accusations of bad faith against the people and the Government of the Transvaal. In the face of proofs which seem to us far superior both in bulk and quality to the counter-evidence, the opponents of imported labour refuse to be convinced and simply deny the honesty of the witnesses. It is an easy kind of dialectic, and it is a consistent enough course for those who opposed the war on the ground that no Uitlander evidence could be trusted. But we confess to surprise when we find those who were once willing enough to credit the testimony of Johannesburg now hinting at corruption and bad faith. It is a gross insult to a British population and a British Government to argue that by doctored evidence they are trying to secure an end which is repugnant to the conscience of their fellow-subjects. There used at one time to be a creed which Liberals fondly claimed as the basis of their colonial policy. Its first injunction was to trust the colonies, and as far as possible allow them to manage their own affairs. On what grounds, then, do they justify interference with a colony which is admittedly a crown colony only in name, when that colony has given irrefutable proof of its desires? They can justify themselves only by impugning the evidence and the character of those who give it, which is a sin not only against colonial policy but against the British race.

No one desires Chinese labour except as a means to an end. The strength of the Transvaal case is that only by a temporary sacrifice of an ideal can that ideal ultimately be attained; and the most hopeful feature of the situation is that while the sacrifice is freely made, it is made with no good will. Everyone recognises the danger of stereotyping low class labour, and therefore the experiment will be watched by many unfriendly eyes, and there will be little chance of the mines being allowed to rest content with what is confessedly a temporary remedy. Foreign labour is not only politically undesirable: in the long run it is economically

unprofitable. For though it is cheaper to employ Chinamen in the present circumstances than white men, it is costly labour as compared with Kaffir under the old régime, and we hope it will soon prove to be costly as compared with white labour under the new. There is every stimulus to a reformed organisation of the industry and a development in labour-saving machinery which will so limit the amount of labour required underground as to make the present supply sufficient. But the development is only possible when the industry is moving. We cannot ask men who have been living on capital for years to make further outlay on experiment and reform. A stagnant community is not the best field for progress. Most complex situations can be reduced to one cardinal question, and in the Transvaal for the moment the only problem is the economic. The future of the country depends on the influx of a great white population, and a white population can only increase if there is a means of livelihood. It would be well if it were possible to work the mines without coloured labour, but if that is out of the question let us secure their working; since any development will add to the openings for white workmen. Intransigence on such a matter will not solve but only postpone the problem, and if we do not make the experiment to-day, five years later, after endless bitterness has been engendered, we may be driven to reconsider our refusal. The temporary postponement of an ideal is no danger, if the ideal is preserved, and we may be confident that Lord Milner will not allow the interest of a white South Africa to be for one moment forgotten.

There will be no rapid recovery, however successful the experiment may prove, but a gradual improvement may be expected in all trades and industries, of which the gold industry is the foundation. The scheme of development to which the Administration stands committed will become feasible, and with the return to normal conditions we may hope for a more healthy and moderate spirit in local politics. One good result, we believe, has come from the present distress. The Boers have been united with the British in a common misfortune which it was their business to surmount, and the practical partnership will do more to unite the races than a world of sentimental appeals. Meanwhile in Cape Colony one of the chief dangers to the racial amalgamation of South Africa has been removed. The Progressives have secured a majority in the Lower House of not less than five, which combined with their majority in the Council will make a Redistribution Act certain. At present the country districts enjoy an over-representation before which the case of Ireland pales. It would be unsatisfactory were the country voters of the same type as those of the towns, but they represent separate interests and a different political theory, and as things stand in the Cape there is no chance of a fair fight between the rival policies. Justice and common sense demand the removal of an anomaly which allows every 400 Dutch voters in some remote dorp to have a member to themselves, while large and intelligent communities like Capetown and Port Elizabeth have to be content with a member for every 3,000. A strictly equitable Redistribution Bill will, in fact, ensure a stable Progressive majority. The country wants political rest, and, if it is to have it, all prospect of successful sedition must be removed. The Bond party, in spite of many fair professions, stands for reaction and for all those elements in the South African situation which make for disunion. It has no serious domestic programme, and its policy, such as it is, consists mainly of a perfectly unwarrantable interference with the affairs of its neighbour, the Transvaal. The Progressives have at any rate the merit that they are striving for a policy in the Cape which shall be in line with the development of South Africa as a whole. Particularism has been beaten; it remains to be seen whether the victorious party can use their success for conciliation and good government. Dr. Jameson has shown himself a brilliant fighting leader: we trust that in office he may show the rarer qualities of foresight and moderation. He and his party have got their chance, and the future of the Cape depends on how they use it. We believe that there is a large party among the nominal supporters of the Bond who are alive to the needs of the colony and will not be hostile to progres-

sive measures if brought forward in an honest and conciliatory spirit. It is the business of the new Government to show that the names of Progressive and South African have the same meaning. People are all a little tired of the old tactics and the old tacticians. The crying want of the colony is new blood in her Parliament, a new and better stamp of politician; and now that the old figures are removed, we trust that the need will be satisfied.

FREE TRADE AND INTERFERENCE WITH LABOUR.

THE free-trade theory was evolved at a time when the interests of labour alone were unprotected; and it is obvious that since free trade was established there has been as much of inconsistency in our industrial system as protective labour legislation implies. It has been one of the elements in the case which has forcibly struck those who are in favour of tariff reform and they have with good reason made the most of it. One thing is undoubted. From Adam Smith downwards, and especially amongst the philosophic Radicals, of whom Buckle the historian may be taken as a representative, exponents of free trade protested against what they called the protection of Government in all matters of industry. Any interference by legislation with trade was in their eyes protection. Factory legislation and trade unionism alike would have come under their ban; and trade unionism especially was denounced by them as combination against freedom of trade. Mr. Asquith, dealing with this question in the House on Monday, was driven by the stress of this argument to throw all the free-trade fathers overboard; and it was the only thing for him to do. He gives up theory and in this way gets rid of a contradiction which it is impossible to deny would have been admitted to exist by economic writers who laid the foundation of free trade. He even goes so far as to say that the people of this country became free traders not through the preaching of dogma but through the teaching of experience. That is a half-truth. He means we suppose that free trade was adopted to meet distress and bad trade. That is partly true; but the remedy of free trade was proposed to the country by men who had adopted the theoretical doctrines of freedom in trade from the economists. It was theory after all that triumphed. It was with this theory that the tariff reformers were met at the outset of the controversy: and it is one of the results of it that Mr. Asquith has now ceased to be the pupil of the deductive economists and become a disciple of the inductive or more correctly speaking of the empirical school. Tariff reformers have accomplished so much, and they, not caring much for theory, are quite satisfied to base their contentions on the teaching of experience. They have always insisted on that: and in the beginning they were met by the assertion that there was no experience to appeal to that was valid against the teachings of economic theory.

Mr. Asquith's position is therefore that factory legislation and trade unionism are complementary to the free-trade system because each has for its object the greater productiveness of labour. Trade unionism, factory legislation and free trade effect the same result; one factor improves the standard of the labourer by raising his wages; the other by giving him cheaper food; and both therefore increase his productive power by making him a more capable workman. Now this is a bit of theory which Mr. Asquith has saved from the debris of the economists. He uses it as an argument against tariff reformers who assert that our workmen are exposed to the competition of cheap labour in foreign countries. He denies that foreigners have any advantage in competition on this account. But in fact if we are to appeal to experience, this doctrine of the text-books must be largely modified. Lower wages and longer hours of work than in England rule in Germany. It may be true that cheap labour in Germany is not due to the absence of Factory Acts. We believe it is more correct to say that such Acts there are not so widespread as here, but are more stringent in the trades to which they are applied. Low wages and longer hours are attributed by Mr. Asquith to protection. That is not true of America

and cannot be so of Germany. It is more likely due to less efficient combination amongst the workmen, as it was in England under free trade until the trade unions got fairly started and had become efficient through the general increase of capacity amongst labour leaders and the bulk of workmen. What Mr. Asquith overlooks is that with the increase of machinery skilled labour applied to turning out the product becomes less necessary except for management. Cheap labour does very well on machinery; and the longer hours machinery is kept running the better it is for the amount of production and the profits. It is still as true as ever it was that in many branches of manufacture, if nothing is to be considered but the quantity produced, without having regard to the social and moral and intellectual condition of the labourer, Factory Acts and trade unionism do impede production. The increased intelligence amongst workmen does not counterbalance the economic advantages that cheap unskilled labour working on the most improved machinery gives manufacturers. So that after all it may be necessary, as tariff reformers assert it is, to protect both manufacturers and workmen here from the competition of cheaply produced goods in other countries.

Will trade unionists accept Mr. Asquith's view that they have nothing to fear from cheap unskilled labour abroad because they are so highly skilled and intelligent that they can look and laugh at it? It is a very flattering argumentum ad hominem to be sure. But in the similar case of the free importation of aliens they have lost faith in the compliments of their free-trade advisers; and they are awaking to the fact that more protection than their own personal advantages give them is needed. They would have little difficulty in deciding as to the advantage the protection of their own productions would be, but they dislike the prospect of paying more for the articles they consume and do not produce. They would like higher prices for their manufactured articles and cheap food; just as the farmer would like higher prices for his food, but would not like to give more for what he buys from the manufacturer. Everybody would like to sell in a dear market and buy in a cheap; but it is impossible. You may buy cheap, granted, under our present system: but it makes havoc of the dictum about selling in the dearest. Notwithstanding Mr. Asquith trade unionists should admit that their action prevents other people buying in the cheapest market; and sensible people do not object to that in return for the gain to the country from the existence of prosperous, intelligent, and well-disciplined working classes. Mr. Chamberlain's argument that the position of trade unionists is anomalous remains true if they ask for leave to cause higher prices to consumers of their products while they demand that the lowest prices shall be asked from them by other producers. When these prices are forced from those producers by means of unrestricted importation, it is evident that trade unionists who are free importers are choosing that part of the theory of free trade which suits their interests, but rejecting it and adopting its opposite at the same time. They are blowing both hot and cold. The great issue of the fiscal controversy is whether the protection of producers all round on the principles of trade unionism, or that of cheapness to consumers all round on free-trade principles is the better policy. Mr. Asquith was quite right in treating cavalierly the fathers of free trade. They hated all that protection of producers to which he ascribes such beneficial results.

CYCLES AND MOTORS IN 1904.

THE Automobile Exhibition at the Crystal Palace which closes on Wednesday next represents the culmination of the season. Every visitor must have been struck by the rapidity of development and wonderful variety of types. To the very large class who can afford two or three bicycles in a family but cannot dream of acquiring, storing and maintaining a motor-car proper, this show possesses features which make it a suggestive continuation of the cycle and motor shows of last November. The development of the car has been rapidly followed by the improvement of the motor-cycle, while the necessary bicycle

seems to have reached something like finality in lightness, efficiency, and the lines of its framework. Freaks were once an amusing feature of these shows, now they are seldom seen. Still the uninitiated may wander from one glittering display of bicycles to another and perceive scarcely any difference. Free wheels are now practically universal on the roadster cycle, so is the fitting of two efficient brakes, usually of the simple rim variety. Such a machine built with a diamond frame and shod with first-class tyres is now offered by makers of repute for ten guineas: in all respects a better and more complete mount than one sold for twenty-five guineas in 1896. At that price indeed it was difficult to find a machine in the shows, unless it was fitted with a two-speed or three-speed gear and some luxurious extras. Feather-weight bicycles with cross-frame of the latest pattern have dropped to sixteen guineas. All this is the result of improved methods in manufacture and competition. German frames and parts are still sent over here and built up as British bicycles. The variable gear has made decided progress since last year and quite a number of good designs were exhibited. As to their practical value there can be no question; at least two of them have been thoroughly proved. The best improvement is the three-speed gear with a free wheel available at each speed. It is very useful to have a moderate normal gear for general work, a low gear for stiff hills and other adverse conditions such as wind or wet roads, and a high gear to attain speed at a slow stroke when the gale blows behind or the down-grade helps. Such a three-speed gear we can now have, neatly boxed in the rear hub and connected by a wire to a small finger switch on the handle-bar.

But it is not only on the mere bicycle that the variable gear is appreciated; on the motor-cycle it is still more valuable, since it creates the possibility of using a lower power with increased ability to climb steep hills. The motor-cyclist who tries to keep a single-gear engine of average power running up a long and steep hill is apt to find it a very trying process. It must be remembered that the petrol engine is at a great disadvantage in such circumstances because it develops power by rate of revolution. Thus an engine rated at 3-horse-power develops that power at say 1,500 revolutions per minute, so that when a heavy gradient slows the machine, and with it the rate of the engine's revolutions, the power lessens just when it is wanted most. These small air-cooled engines will not stand being geared so low as the water-cooled engines on motor-cars, but it has been found in practice that one reduction of thirty or forty per cent. is practicable and is sufficient for most occasions. Here we find the latest development of a machine which began a few years ago with an enormously heavy and relatively under-engined tricycle for one rider, or quadricycle for two riders. From these obsolete monstrosities grew the motor-bicycle of to-day, reduced to something near 70 lb. in weight and as low as £30 in price. For about half this sum you may obtain a neat little engine and set of parts, ready to fit on any roadster bicycle; or you may spend £70 on a capital 3½-horse-power machine fitted with all the latest improvements. The myriad minor troubles which beset the motor-cyclist up till last season no longer exist, if he choose wisely and manage his engine with ordinary discretion. We are no longer dependent on foreign engines with the unpleasant certainty when a small repair or replacement is wanted of having to wait many days. Several English firms turn out engines of the finest quality; their electrical gear is equally good, and with standardised parts the trouble and annoyance of replacement is minimised.

The latest and best phase of the motor-cycle is the light three-wheeler built to carry two, which fills a very common want. The development of "the dual principle" is interesting. The cyclist began by towing a trustful cyclist, usually with disastrous results. Next he tried a trailer and found it of dubious security and comfort. Finally he found that the side-car and fore-car exhibited in profusion at the Shows fulfilled the want. The advantages of the side-car are obvious: sociability, two tracks only, non-interference with the steering capacity or with the cooling of the engine, and

comparative ease of attachment. Though it looks lopsided it has proved in practice safe and easy to manage. But without an occupant of the side-car it is a hard machine to ride, and the rigid frame is always to be preferred before any variety with flexible joints.

The newest attraction was the improved form of fore-car, some so arranged that the car may be detached and the remainder used as motor-cycle. Ingenious contrivances for cooling the engines are noticeable, fans, air scoops and so forth. Most essential in adding to the comfort of the fore-car are variable gears and free-engine clutches with starting handles, which give the convenience of a small two-seated motor-car at a third of the expense and weight.

The development of the tri-car is especially important in view of the regulations issued under the New Motor Car Act which define a motor-cycle as one designed to travel on not more than three wheels and weighing unladen not more than three cwt. Both under the regulations and the new Act there are several advantages allowed to the motor-cycle, and there is a great future for the useful tri-car. Now that the troubles of hill climbing and the difficulties of starting have been largely overcome, driving by chains has come more into favour, and vies with the wide flat belt of leather which has itself begun to supersede the V-shaped belt found unsatisfactory for a double load. At the Crystal Palace ample room is found in the open for testing any motor before a purchase is decided upon—a very necessary precaution—but this advantage is not found at other shows. The motor-car is at present a luxury, and bids fair to continue so for some years, but the smaller forms are more easy of stowage, do not take so much attention, and afford relatively a greater scope for enjoyment. The vibration of the motor-bicycle has always been an unpleasant feature and often a positive danger to the rider; this is almost entirely avoided in the tri-car. The liability of a motor-bicycle to topple over when the owner on foot is endeavouring to humour it becomes a serious nuisance and sometimes leads to awkward accidents, such untoward results do not occur when a machine can stand alone, as does the tri-car. The evolution of motor machinery has been rapid and marvellous in its approach to mechanical perfection; but much remains to be done. The Continental element at the Crystal Palace is strong. Several of the leading foreign car firms are exhibiting, either directly or through their agents; there are at least three well-known American cars on view; and the number of foreign engines, electrical fittings and other parts separately shown or built into the English machines is very considerable. The motor industry in this country will undoubtedly benefit enormously if Mr. Chamberlain's proposals are adopted, and it is a proof of the sterling value of British work that it has progressed so well in spite of legislative apathy and severe foreign competition. The number of "all-British" cars and motor-cycles in this latest and most representative exhibition is surprising, and points to a development of enormous value and importance in the near future, if we are placed on a fair and equal commercial footing with our rivals.

THE ILLUSION OF BEING BUSY.

NO more irritating social nuisances exist than the people who delight in speaking of themselves as "being so busy", as "never having a minute to spare for anything". Our fussy age is prolific of this sort. A ridiculous notion is common that we live in a time when there are more important world affairs on hand than has ever been known before; and there are silly people, both men and women, who fancy that the proof of this is that there never was an age so busy as ours and where so much time is taken up in doing so many different things. Then of course they easily go on to argue that the busier they themselves are the more they share in world importance and shine by comparison with other people. They expect to be admired for a useless expenditure of their nervous and physical energies on all sorts of absolutely foolish objects into which no particle of intellect enters. Simply to be always busy, always occupied, always doing something, passing restlessly from one piece of work to another,

to have their hands full, never to be idle, as they say, seems to be their ideal of life. They use no discrimination as to the relative values of the things which they feel they must do. All objects are jumbled up together in their minds quite unclassified in a scale of importance. So long as they can hit upon a device which will devour a certain amount of their time, and enable them to flatter themselves that they are doing something, are "not wasting their time in doing nothing" as they call it, they are complacently self-satisfied. No matter to them that half the things they do would be as well left undone; indeed a great deal better. They are like the restless animals at the Zoo and their activity has just as little real purpose and meaning in it. It is not for amusement, not for profit, not for utility; it is due to nothing but a stupid, mechanical habit arising out of a morbid state of nerves. Indeed it is one of the symptoms of that prevalent disease of society amongst small-brained people who live in the midst of machinery and scientific ideas and appliances far beyond their understanding or almost of appreciation in any real sense. So much mechanism has been put into their hands that they must always be using it whether there is any need of it or not.

One of this class of persons will have a craze for writing letters whenever he has a few minutes unoccupied, say between dressing for dinner and going in. Nobody is really wanting his letters: there is no reason for writing: the recipient will probably think the letter a bore and certainly the necessity, out of politeness, of replying will irritate him. The man with the craze of filling up his time with writing letters must know this; but he has not sufficient control over his senseless habit to stop it. And so he goes on inflicting himself and his letters on people who, unless they belong to the same type of busy marionettes as himself, have quite enough to do with real business without the burden of answering needless letters. The telegraph and the telephone are other mechanical means besides the use of pen, ink and paper which this class of social pests have dragged into their service for the purpose of producing a self-generated illusion, which they in their vanity hope to impress upon others, that they are seriously busy. This is the sort of man or woman who has never time for anything; neither for quiet, steady, serious reading nor for restful conversation, nor the deliberate discussion of any subject requiring thought and continued attention even if it be only for a few minutes. You will never get these feather-heads who are always busy doing nothing to settle down long enough for that. In the midst of a conversation on business, some arrangement as to work they are to do, you will find that they "have not time" to wait until the affair has been properly threshed out. They get uneasy because they are "doing nothing" as they put it; they are eager to be away to something else in the belief that "they are so very busy that they have not a moment to spare". This species of monomaniac will every day read a jumble of speeches, articles, and miscellaneous scraps of all sorts on, say, the fiscal controversy; but if he were asked to spend an hour or two in a real serious study of the "Wealth of Nations", his all-sufficient answer to himself would be that he had no time to spend over books and that he was too busy.

There is the member of Parliament who must always be making speeches. It does not seem to occur to him that a considerably less amount of speaking on subjects he does not and has never tried to understand, and more time spent on the preliminary acquirement of information, would correspond more nearly to real business. No! he is too busy in his sense of the word; he has no time to waste in reflection; study and the calm digestion of material which being accomplished might make his opinion of some value are not taken into account in his plan of action. It does not matter so long as the windmill is going whether it is in fact grinding meal or not; the all-desired thing is to have plenty of wind and plenty of sail; for this induces a pleasant sense of doing something and of being really busy. We get the same kind of feeling amongst people who teach, and those who

prepare syllabuses of class work and examinations. Progress in education according to them is in proportion to the number of subjects and the rapidity in passing from one to another. The educationist of this pattern has really not a minute to spare to think about education. He cannot waste time on that: it is doing nothing. Whatever such people, "who are so busy", are engaged in they never do well what they really ought to do. It is as they say—they have not the time for real work because they are always in a hurry to get away to something else. Their fussy excitement prevents them from observing any sense of proportion and perspective in the various objects they hurry after; and so everything is jumbled up together and produces a mental confusion which is mistaken for business: an obfuscation which is very ridiculous and very irritating because so much merit is claimed for it.

These precious muddlers, who plume themselves on never being idle, pass their time doing useless things under the pretext of being busy; and they assume credit for a purposeless activity. They are as busy as, according to the Yorkshire saying, the wife who hanged herself with her own dish-clout. She doubtless believed herself more meritorious than her less restless neighbours; and called them idlers and wasters of time who never, like her, were too busy to have a minute to spare. The biggest people, those who have really thought out their plan of life, do not make the mistake of doing what need not be done. They have time for everything because they do not imagine they are economising time by occupying every spare few minutes in being unnecessarily busy—often in letter-writing (painful experience makes us harp on that theme); a nuisance which ought to be prohibited in the name of ordinary humanity. Then we are told, as if the proposition could not be disputed, that it is this constant busyness which shows how much profounder and wider and generally more civilised are our days than those wherever people were not so fully occupied. Idle delusion! Most of the things we do, may, as a poet of our youth now gone out of fashion said, "require the vigorous hand of steadfast application"; but they certainly "leave no deep, improving traces on the mind"; and in fact the brains of most people may be gauged as inversely to the amount of credit they claim for being "busy". Montaigne has reflections à propos of the hare-brained people whose vanity—it is mostly that—sets them always on doing something. "Had I been put to the management of great affairs, I should have made it seen what I could do. Have you known how to meditate and manage your life, you have performed the greatest work of all. Have you known how to regulate your conduct, you have done a great deal more than he who has composed books. Have you known how to take repose, you have done more than he who has taken empires and cities." Montaigne had the Greek notion of the intellectual and moral value of "leisure"; but what do the fidgety people who are never in repose, are always busy, and have no time to spare, know of this?

THE ART LIFE OF MOZART.

BEFORE me lie a number of books awaiting the honour of a review; and it may be added that behind me, on each side of me, underneath me and almost above me are other books awaiting review. Here, first, is "British Violin Makers", by W. Meredith Morris (Chatto and Windus); then "About Music and What it is Made of", by Oliveria Prescott (Methuen); and again "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians", by Elbert Hubbard (Putnam's Sons). These volumes take not a little reading and when it is done one has gathered very little for one's pains. The fiddle-book, for instance, contains what may be an excellent portrait of Mr. W. Meredith Morris in clerical garb, and the portrait of another gentleman who has signed thus: "Your servant for Jesus' sake"—it being, I suppose, a matter of taste whether such inscriptions should appear in a book of the kind; but beyond these and a sort of biographical directory of past and present English fiddle-makers there is nothing that interests me. As for "What

Music is Made of", I would rather discuss, were there space enough, what such books are made of, for this one seems to me the idle, harmless babble of a lady who has never penetrated to the heart of music at all. The "Little Journeys" are merely magazine articles rather freely illustrated. Is a critic seriously expected to spend his time on such stuff? Probably the first volume of a "Life of Brahms", by Max Kalbeck, may prove more interesting; but it promises to be as long as Glaserapp's intolerable "Life of Wagner", and I have not yet passed the second page. If Germans must need write biographies why cannot they at least learn that it is not necessary first to demonstrate that the earth is round, like a rotten apple, and that their victims lived on it, and breathed and ate and drank and wore clothes like other mortals?

As an offset to this apparently elephantine work Messrs. Bell send me the first four volumes of their "Miniature Series of Musicians". They are tiny things which it would ill become me to criticise as I myself am busily engaged on a Wagner and a Haydn for the same series. But I wish to-day to deal with a chapter of Mr. Prout's Mozart. (I abstain from applying the terms "doctor" or "professor" to Mr. Prout, simply because I detest speaking evil of any man without some excellent reason.) This chapter is headed "The Art of Mozart". I have so high a respect for Mr. Prout and have so often praised his work highly in these columns that I have no hesitation in declaring that while the rest of his book is admirable, this particular chapter appears to me one of the worst pieces of criticism ever written or at least printed. Not often in my life have I taken such a mouthful of sawdust. It is very far from being ungenerous criticism; but it is a trifle apologetic—though no composer ever stood less in need of apology than Mozart; and while saying much that is true it omits the all-important thing. It is not enough to say that Mozart was a marvellously comprehensive genius, that he stands only second to Bach as a contrapuntist, that he excelled in a vast number of forms. That is all just enough; but the main point is that with the exception of the fugue and the oratorio he touched nothing without endowing it with an intensity of beauty and expressiveness which had never been found in it before.

Really one cannot sum up "the art of Mozart" as a thing apart from his life. Robert Louis Stevenson—in whose old room, by the way, now mine, I am writing this article—said that art was not playing the piano nor painting in water-colours, but a life to be lived. There you have Mozart's life: his art is the only life that counts. The thousand miseries he endured have been endured by a thousand forgotten artists: Mozart's great glory is his magnificent achievement, and a history of his life would be an account of how he achieved so much. Truth of expression had been known to the old men, to Josquin, Okeghem, Sweelinck and Palestrina, to Handel and to Bach, but during the period in which Haydn was building up the modern forms and modern technique it was for a while forgotten or neglected. The old conventional exactitude of expression went out, and in its place reigned a highly organised kind of music—highly organised, that is, so far as its outward shapes were concerned—in which expression was little thought of. Most of Haydn's prettiest tunes would suit one set of words as well as any other; and, indeed, the final chorus of the "Creation" would not be out of place at the conclusion of a light opera. Mozart, after the failure of "King Thamos", arranged Latin words to his pagan choruses, and to this day they are sung in churches as sacred motets. But in the end it was Mozart, and no one but Mozart, who put an end to that sort of music. Besides being one of the most consummate musicians who has lived, he was also a man of intellect and, above all, a soul like a flame of fire; he had much to say, and the older he grew the more resolutely he made all technical skill serve for the expression of his emotions, his soul's moods. In parts of "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni", in the whole of the G minor and C symphonies, and in the Requiem, there is wondrous beauty, and there is absolute truthfulness of expression.

But he died at the age of thirty-seven, at the age when many a great man has only begun his career;

and he began in the Haydn period. Taking his music as a whole we find in it two Mozarts: the superb decorative artist who invented with extraordinary facility, because he was built that way, and thought no more of logical expression of feeling than a designer does when he plans a wall-paper, and the other Mozart who placed expression above everything. Whether the decorative artist or the man full of purpose is in power, always through the music with clear eyes there gazes one of the fairest souls that ever chanced on this round earth and clothed itself in human flesh. Once upon a time, when writing of Mozart, I ventured on a platitude and delicately insinuated that in spite of all his lively vigour he was the most tender of all composers; and now, to-day, let us have another platitude. Though one of the sweetest spirits who have written music, he was a composer of colossal strength. But whether in its sheer sweetness or in its sheer strength the music is always Mozart's music. When he was decorating his music-paper, his spirit kept breaking through; when he was speaking out of the fulness of his heart the decorative instinct kept asserting itself; and it was only in his latest works that he attained a perfect equilibrium, and the works of the two Mozarts lose themselves in the work of the one magnificent master.

This, then, is the "Art of Mozart": even when he was using the formulas of his time one feels that he was indeed there. So great is the power of habit, of clichés, that it is the hardest thing in the world for a man to reveal himself through a medium which has already been much used. In painting, sculpture, poetry, music, men work cheerfully on, not recognising that although their feelings may be fresh, the forms and phrases in which they are embodied are old as the everlasting hills. Mozart achieved the task. If he did not absolutely invent a new technique, it is because no one ever invents a new technique. There must have been a first man to write, to draw, to put notes on paper; but their names, their very memories, are lost in the mists of the dim beginning of time. Mozart, as Mr. Prout points out, invented no new forms. Do we know anyone who did? Haydn, following in the steps of Emanuel Bach, is the nearest to an ideal inventor of new forms that I can remember. Mozart did much more than invent a new form: he found the modern mode of expression—or rather, he re-found it. The art of melodic expression he did not find in Italy, as Mr. Prout says; and he did not find it there for the simple reason that in Italy it did not exist. From Italy he may have learnt something of form, though he need not have gone so far, and probably did not go so far; for had not Haydn been Porpora's boot-black and accompanist? In fact I am not at all sure that the Italian influence was on the whole good for him. Italian music is not vocal, and never has been vocal. With their wonderful voices and genius for singing the Italians have always been able to make effects with music better adapted to some instrument than to the human voice; but for generations they have paid no attention to expression, and the effects they get are curious rather than artistic (for instance, the silly mad scene in "Lucia"). The true vocal music is that of Bach, when he is not writing fugues, of Mozart, when he is most truly Mozart, and of Wagner—music which while beautiful makes the emotional effect of the voice of one who speaks under the pressure of powerful feeling. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh; and Mozart found a mode of utterance because he had a great deal in him to say, because he felt intensely all the things that happen in this unfathomable world. If he did not load every phrase with meaning as Beethoven did afterwards, it was not because his feelings were less acute, his brain narrower, his art less consummate, than Beethoven's; it was simply because he quitted this life just at the moment when the real artist in him had conquered the mere decorator. He had an intellect as vast as Shakespeare's and he wrote with Shakespearean ease; and had he lived ten years longer the other musicians—including the mighty three, Handel, Bach and Beethoven—would have stood in the same relation to him as the other poets stand in relation to Shakespeare.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

FROM SAPPHO.

BLEST, beyond earth's bliss to me appeareth
Blest the man that sitteth nigh to thee,
Face to face thy lovely voice that heareth,
Listening from thee

Heavenly laughter; I so faint enchanted,
All the heart within my breast a-flutter!
Let but one brief glimpse of thee be granted,
And speech to utter

None there is forthcoming; my tongue stammers;
Fire through all my flesh hath subtly run;
With mine eyes I see not, and strange clamours
My hearing stun.

Down me poureth sweat; I fall a-trembling
All throughout, and greener than the grass,
Pale to death, I grow; yea, death-resembling
Is my sore pass.

W. HEADLAM.

"RUY BLAS" AND THE O.U.D.S.

TRANSPORT yourself, in fancy, to Paris . . . It is a sunbright morning in Spring. You are in the Bois. The young leaves glitter so beneath the sun that everything seems to you unreal—refreshingly, deliciously unreal. You expand, you sparkle, you are greedy of impressions. You catch a faint distant sound that puzzles you. It comes a little nearer. You recognise it as the sound of a big drum; and anon is faintly audible its accompaniment of brass. Anon you can distinguish the notes of the "Marseillaise", and through the green trees you have glimpses of a steely cavalcade that is coming with the tune. Anon they are passing you, a company of Dragons, prancing and caracoling past you, clattering and gleaming past you, aloft on their big chargers, with their big red plumes all a-nodding to the little green leaves, while the blood in your veins dances in time to the blaring and booming of the national hymn. Yes, you let yourself go. You are swept out of yourself. You forget that it is all quite unreal—a mere effect of the theatre, signifying nothing. Here, you would vow, are no supers against a back-cloth, but real heroes among real trees. And you shout in correct French, at the risk of being arrested by yonder vigilant gendarme, the hope that the army may live.

Now transport yourself back into London. It is a raw wet afternoon. You are walking, under an umbrella, along Gower Street. Everything looks very real indeed. The area-railings, the brown bricks, the wire-blinds—there can be no doubt at all about them. You behold coming towards you, tramping slowly in the middle of the road, an unfamiliar procession. Who are these men? You stand to watch them. They look highly respectable in their broadcloth, but very uncomfortable, mistrustful, gloomy. There is an air of Passive Resistance about them. Yet somehow they do not seem to be English. Swart are their faces, and their hair bristles in a distinctly Latin manner. Are they from Soho? "Nay", says a little voice at your elbow, "do you not remember them?" Looking down, you behold the good fairy who came to your christening. You tell her, curtly, that you have never seen anything like them before, and that you hope never to see anything like them again. "These", she pouts, "are the lovely soldiers you saw that morning in the Bois. I thought you would like to see them again. I thought it would cheer you up. So I wafled them hither. I think you might say 'thank you'". Mechanically you thank her. She is appeased. "Fancy", she cries, "your not recognising them! That is the fault of the bad fairy who was not invited to your christening. She vetoed the uniforms, and the horses, and the music, and the sunshine, and

the green leaves. Wasn't it horrid of her? But it hasn't made any real difference, has it? These were the very men". She vanishes with a smile of satisfied benevolence. The good fairy, you reflect, always *was* a fool.

I suspect it is by the good fairy that "Ruy Blas" has been "wafted hither" for our delectation. All honour to her for her well-meaning; but even she might have had the sense to know that the bad fairy, inevitably intervening, would spoil all the fun. French dragoons, dismounted, and thrust into mufti, and unaccompanied by music, would be, at any rate, a not more depressing sight than the usual passengers through Gower Street. But a dramatic romance by Victor Hugo, with sober blank verse instead of its own intoxicated alexandrines, and with a cast of mimes who (for the most part) have neither the training nor the innate sense for the art of declamation, or for those beautiful extravagances of port and gesture which are of the essence of romantic acting—ah, show me where, in the whole range of our depressing native drama, I need go in fear of a more depressing phenomenon than this! Strip a romance of its proper romantic trappings, and you behold but a "damned silly story"—a community of idiotic frogs trying to puff themselves to the semblance of bulls. It matters not at all whether Mr. John Davidson, adapting and abbreviating "Ruy Blas" for home consumption, have or have not made it less credible by this or that compression. The point is that he has transferred a wild and inflated lie from a plane where we could accept and revel in it to a plane where we must needs reject it with a yawn. I do not say that he could have done his work better. I do say that he ought not to have done it at all. His blank verse has many fine qualities. But it is blank verse—a medium for stateliness, grace, tenderness, sincerity and so forth, but no medium at all for the jolly headlong unreality and monstrosity of Hugoesque romance. Mr. Davidson might, at least, have preserved rhyme? No; rhymed decasyllables are merely pretty, dainty—perhaps not even that, to our ears, through their degrading association with the annual pantomimes. He might have tried English Alexandrines? That would have been a doomed endeavour. The genius of our language forbids it. He might have invented some new rhymed measure? A waste of ingenuity. There is no means of truly conveying into English the spirit of "Ruy Blas", just as there is no possible synonym in our vocabulary for the word "panache". And so, avault, good fairy! No more of your kind intentions, we beseech you. Only by knowing the French language, and by seeing "Ruy Blas" in the original version, can we, solidly sentimental Anglo-Saxons, project ourselves into receptivity of this inspired balderdash.

So confident of success was the bad fairy that she did not prevent from playing the hero the one English actor who is cut out for him. In swiftness and sonorosity there is none to match Mr. Lewis Waller. Perhaps it was with a lurking fear lest he might wrest a victory, after all, that the bad fairy afflicted him, on the first night at the Imperial, with a severe cold. Perhaps she was trying, also, to retard his swiftness. If so, she did not succeed. And everyone felt that if Mr. Waller had been a Frenchman, acting in the French version, the shade of Hugo would have snapped phantom fingers in the face of Mounet Sully. For the rest, the bad fairy had left nothing to chance. None of the other mimes was swift or sonorous, except Mr. Fulton, who was sonorous but not swift. It was wanton ingenuity in the bad fairy to cast Mrs. Campbell for the part of the Queen. Sincerity is always Mrs. Campbell's prime quality, whether she be interpreting poetic fantasy or prosaic realism. Whether she be Mélisande or Magda, she never will force the note—never will express more than she feels. Maeterlinck and Sudermann inspire in her plenty of feeling. Evidently, Hugo, vain roysterer, means to her nothing at all; and she is too sincere to pretend that he does not leave her mind totally blank. I have read several notices of the play, and all their writers are unanimous on one point: Mrs. Campbell looked like a figure on a canvas of Velasquez. I am not sure that Velasquez ever

accomplished so beautiful an effect. But I admit that Mrs. Campbell did act just like a figure on a canvas of Velasquez. A dim and exquisite immobility, noiseless, in two dimensions. . . . Watching it, the shade of Hugo must have felt quite solid in comparison. And the fairy aforesaid—how she must have chuckled!

I espied a similar lack of conviction in the performance of "As You Like It" by the O.U.D.S. Indeed, I confess that, though I went all the way "up" for the sole purpose of seeing this performance, I did not succeed in sitting it out. Perhaps (let us be quite just) it touched a higher level in my absence. But certainly, so long as I was there, it seemed to me very far inferior to the efforts made, years ago, when I too lived in Arcady. A fogey now, lavishing praise blindly on past time? No, believe me. I do not think my contemporaries were heaven-sent actors. I never did think that. Nor did I ever set great store by the speeches they made and the essays they wrote. I always remembered Thackeray's description of those "essays and speeches so simple, so pompous, so ludicrously solemn; parodied so artlessly from books, and spoken with smug chubby faces, and such an admirable aping of wisdom and gravity"; and the description seemed apt enough to my own day. On the other hand, I really admire many of the things that I read in the present journalism of Oxford. The undergraduates seem to me to write much better, and to have much more of their own to express, than when I was one of them. So it cannot be mere fogeydom that makes me think the O.U.D.S. is in a bad way. "Simple" enough, and "pompous", and "laboriously solemn", were its efforts in the past. But, at least, they were efforts. The other night, no one seemed to make any effort at all. A tamer and more embarrassed troupe of young gentlemen never blushed behind grease-paint. "Well, here we are again", seemed to be the general mood, "dressed up and making fools of ourselves. Pray excuse us. The dons like us to keep up these quaint old annual customs". Perhaps this lassitude comes of the monotonous repetition, year by year, of Shakespearean comedy. Last time, I think, I suggested Aristophanes. I suggest him again. He might galvanise them.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE CITY.

THE course of affairs in the City during the past week has been extremely perplexing. In the money market the finance houses have been content, and rightly so, to hazard little beyond short-dated commitments and even within the space of a working day rates have ranged between limits confusing even to the most experienced financier. Generally, it may be stated that the position in international finance depends on the attitude of Paris, who holds, we understand, about £40,000,000 of our bills. Seeing the enormous interest of France in Russian securities and South African mines, a nervous fit might be developed in Paris at any moment with the result that prices would fall heavily, forcing the bankers in self-protection to call in a large portion of their resources lent to this country. The Bank of England does well then in these circumstances to maintain its rate if only as a measure of precaution although the return of Thursday shows a depletion of market money, and correspondingly an increase of control to the Bank, due chiefly to payments on account of revenue.

The stock markets have not maintained the prices ruling in the earlier part of the week, foreign stocks especially having lost during the past few days, the fear of complications in the Near East having become more pronounced. There have been indications that the bona-fide small investor has taken advantage of the favourable opportunities existing to purchase some of the sound colonial issues, and debenture and preference stocks which not only return a satisfactory yield but give promise of a substantial increase in capital value. The present is unquestionably a fine chance for such as are fortunate enough to have free capital whilst it is not unlikely that certain exchanges of securities might be made with advantage. American rails do not show much life but here again an investment

in such stocks as Unions, Baltimores, and Southern Pacific would almost certainly prove remunerative. The poor traffic returns have had their effect on Trunks, the Thirds suffering particularly. Argentines have been steady. There has been more activity in Westralians and Oroya Brownhill, Great Boulder Perseverance and Great Fingalls have been bought and, what is most important, will be taken up, we understand.

But after all, the chief point of speculative interest during the week has been the South African market. A great deal of shouting has taken place due to a certain amount of "bear" closing, but also we imagine largely in response to the action of the influential houses who realised that it was absolutely necessary to give heart to Paris, a market through which many of the operations were masked. Prices rose until the voting on the amendment to the Address on Chinese labour became known, when, as is so usual in a professional market, it was shown that the result had been discounted and quotations receded. The public however have taken little or no part, and for ourselves we fail to see how any real improvement can take place or is warranted until the returns from the mines show substantial progress, and even then the number of companies awaiting a favourable opportunity to raise fresh capital must almost certainly prevent anything in the nature of a boom except one be engineered to assist the fresh capital issues. During the past week the directors of the famous Sheba mine have been compelled to issue 7 per cent. preference shares to the extent of £100,000 and it is stated that the mill must be closed down until sufficient development work has been done to enable the full equipment of batteries to be run without loss. As to Rhodesian affairs the best commentary is the fact that the Chartered Company has seen fit to issue fresh capital for 400,000 £1 shares at a price of 1½. At the first mention of this new issue it was hoped that it was intended primarily to provide for the railway extension but it appears that the money is required for general purposes.

The announcement of a bill to amend the law in regard to the promotion of prospectusless companies has been welcomed by all those who have the good name of the City at heart. The number of companies which have during the past few years been placed on the market with practically no information forthcoming as to their financial position and general assets has been a positive scandal, and unhappily the law as it stands at present is not sufficient to prevent the unscrupulous from making a fictitious market and by this means unloading the shares on the public—the quicker this is rendered impossible the happier it will be for the reputation of the Stock Exchange.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

THE National Provident Institution almost invariably has a good report to present to its policy-holders at the annual meeting. The accounts for 1903 are no exception to this general rule. The period covered by the report is the first year of a fresh quinquennium, and contains the exceptional item of £119,000 paid away for cash bonuses as a consequence of the distribution of surplus. In spite of this the funds have increased by £34,000 and now amount to about £6,000,000. The Institution does not re-value its securities every year, but there is a note in the balance sheet that the Stock Exchange securities, amounting to £2,250,000, exceeded by £27,000 their market price at the date of the account. Some such statement as this is likely to be seen in the accounts of most insurance companies, but as we have explained in former articles a large part, if not the whole of this depreciation, will be recovered in future years and involve little or no loss to the companies of either income or capital.

The new business last year was rather larger than usual, and was obtained at a moderate rate of expenditure: the commission and expenses absorbed 79 per cent. of the new premiums, and 7.9 per cent. of renewals, or, expressed in another way, amounted to 11.9 per cent. of the total premium income. This is

below the average expenditure of British offices, in spite of the fact that the cost of the valuation is included. Strictly speaking perhaps the expenditure should be reckoned at about 2 per cent. more than the above proportion, since there is a contribution of £10,000 to the superannuation fund: this is a convenient method of providing pensions for retired officials, an item which appears annually in the reports of some companies.

The Institution gives excellent results to its policy-holders, although, owing to the rates of premium being based upon a faulty mortality table, the benefits at some ages are relatively greater than at others. An intelligent assurer would take note of a point like this and select the National Provident if his age were such as to benefit by the peculiar scale of premium rates which the Institution maintains.

The sources of surplus are substantial; the amount paid for claims was only 73 per cent. of the amount expected and provided for, which means that in all cases the society will receive interest upon the reserves for a longer period than was anticipated, and will further benefit by receiving extra premiums under many of the policies. The rate of interest earned upon the total funds was £3 16s. per cent., giving a further contribution to surplus of 16s. per cent. per annum of the funds since the liabilities are valued on a 3 per cent. basis. The provision made for expenses was about 24 per cent. of the premiums, and as the actual expenditure is only about one-half this rate, the surplus for bonuses is further augmented by about 12 per cent. of the premium income.

The Institution as originally founded worked under rules which in various respects proved inconvenient and in some ways detrimental: if we remember rightly certain changes were made some time ago, especially in the direction of extended powers of investment and we believe the result of the changes was satisfactory. Some further alterations in the rules are now contemplated but we have not yet seen the details of the proposals; we have little doubt that further improvements will result from the amendments, since the Institution is managed with the greatest carefulness and success. It is one of the best British Life offices, and in spite of rigid economy exhibits uninterrupted growth in both magnitude and prosperity from year to year. Quite possibly one cause of this combination of economy and progress is to be found in the large number of honorary local referees, which are a somewhat special feature of the office. The company certainly possesses valuable connexions through its policy-holders recommending their friends to effect their assurances with the company: this is quite as it should be, and the National Provident seems to use its policy-holders for the extension of its business to a greater extent than most other Life offices.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A REPLY TO MR. MACCOLL.—II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I wish to show that if I misunderstood Mr. MacColl, his capricious use of terms excused me. It may seem to him a small matter: but I do not think criticism can be too scrupulous in this regard. I object to his use of "Olympian" as confounding the serenity which comes from acquiescence in eternal laws, raising the soul thereby above the world, and the dignity (aristocratic or senatorial) which comes from position and authority in the world. I object still more to the statement that the Olympian is the Philistine raised to the highest power. Mr. MacColl says he used the name in "honour" of certain virtues. But men are called Philistine not for being brave, sane, and temperate, but for being indifferent to beauty and the world of ideas: the name is used as a reproach to the want, not in honour, of virtues that may happen to co-exist with it, nor indeed in honour of anything whatever. I appeal to your readers: would anyone imagine that some disparagement was not implied in this application to a certain type of art.

of a word connoting indifference to art? As Mr. MacColl says no disparagement was intended, I think the confusion of his language is deplorable.

Mr. MacColl in his article explains that when he said Olympian art "excludes all sensation and emotion but such as the State can approve" he was thinking of Plato's "Republic". But Plato, he himself says, expresses "Olympianism in its extreme sectarian form" (I note the sympathetic phraseology): well, does one define any attitude of mind fairly by quoting it "in its extreme sectarian form"? As a matter of fact, if Greek sculpture were lost, and one only conjectured what it was like from Plato, one would imagine that it was full of the relaxing expression of violent emotion, against which Plato protests so much. But it is not. Therefore I think that to quote Plato is to mislead. Even Plato, however, would not, I believe, have banished Michelangelo entirely; nor the David, nor the Sistine Ceiling: for he desired in his state an art that inspires courage and breathes heroic life. The "Last Judgment", it may be, he would not have approved. Here again is a point in which Mr. MacColl misjudges me, though excusably, for I was not explicit enough. He says Michelangelo fathered the draughtsmanship of his "Titans". I pointed out that other Italian masters were more vehement and violent, not just to show off what is certainly "not very recondite learning", but because I think it is unjust to Michelangelo to name him as representative only of the "strongly emotional" in art. I might have pointed out that the famous "languor" of figures like the Sistine "Adam" inspired (for instance) the treatment of the nude by Burne-Jones in the "Wheel of Fortune" and the "Mermaid".

But whether he appreciates the great Olympians adequately or not, I cannot think I am unjust to Mr. MacColl in saying that while he has a keen eye for the weakness of that type of imagination, he is indulgent and sympathetic to the weakness of what he calls Titanism. He describes Ingres as going forth "like a very splendid governess angrily armed for the proprieties". Well, he may say that Ingres is an inferior scion of the Olympian race—he now tells us that he was more than just to Ingres in his book—but how different a tone he adopts when he writes of any art that "indulges in emotion as emotion, gives the individual his full fling". Here is an enthusiastic sentence about Rodin. "The knotted, the writhing, the stricken frame, buffeted and spited, stung by madness, wounded by love, chimera-ridden, broken by dreams, laces and relaxes in his sculpture the coils of its rapture, rage and pain." Does this call up a picture of Rodin's greatest work, the work in which his immense genius is seen at its height of mastery? To my mind it does not; rather, it recalls his later, more violent and therefore weaker, work. I am doubtless biased towards what Mr. MacColl calls "still-life" art, and I gave a reason for this in that "a certain element of repose, necessitated by unity of design, is essential to all good art; whereas movement is not essential". But I think that any unprejudiced reader of Mr. MacColl's book will feel that his bias is toward movement, without any reservation against its excess in weak and desperate violence. I agree with him in condemning the narrow tameness which is the opposite excess: but one need not admire academicism because one wishes to preserve a bracing atmosphere in criticism, and not give way to the current notion that the emotional expression of personality is, of itself, what gives art its value.

Had it not seemed to me that Mr. MacColl's introductory chapters inclined to lend (consciously or unconsciously) the weight of his influence and authority to these relaxing tendencies in criticism and had he not used loose terms and arbitrary definitions, leading, as I think, to "rather serious" confusions in a sphere where there is so much confusion already, I would have been well content with the far more enjoyable work of illustrating only, as well as I might, the much that is so admirable in his book. If my review really seems to him the rather petty nagging over unimportant points which it must appear to be from his article, I can well conceive that it would rouse a just irritation. I have tried to show that the points in dispute are more real and interesting and worthy of abstract discussion.

I am sorry if misunderstandings have arisen; I tried to make my criticisms clear, and I hope I have now made them clearer. Those who have read Mr. MacColl's book and my review will judge better than he or I whether it was unfair. I am, &c.,

LAURENCE BINYON.

SIR,—My remonstrance with a critic who had set out (very magisterially), to "correct" me was limited to two serious misrepresentations on which his article was mainly based. The first was Mr. Binyon's identification of the theme of my first chapter with Monet and his school only, whereas it dealt with features of painter's vision that affect Delacroix, Constable and Turner, Rousseau Corot and Millet, Chassériau and Puvis de Chavannes, Courbet Whistler and Manet, indeed nearly all the painters of the century. To this Mr. Binyon replies that he was aware of the distinction between this wider meaning given to impressionism, and the more restricted. There was no trace of this in his article: the effectiveness of his criticism depended on his ignoring it.

The second was his assertion that I had given a degrading meaning to "Olympianism" and ignored its greatest master. He now says he is glad to be assured that this was not my intention. I did not ask him to accept my assurance, but to read the paragraph to which he referred with its direct contradiction of his statement.

I looked, I confess, for a gallanter response from Mr. Binyon, but controversy makes us all obstinate, and he retreats upon his phrases which may, with good will, be turned against the plain meaning of their context. I have to thank him for his collection of these, though the service is usually performed by a lesser intelligence than his.

The interest of the subject and that of exact thinking is perhaps great enough to excuse me for examining his arguments. He still worries over the last sentence of the book, refusing to read "special" as meaning "special". If, he argues, the study of light was the special feature of the painter's vision of the century we shall have to call Monet its great man, because the "special" movement culminates in him, as the special movements of previous centuries culminated in Michael Angelo and Titian. But that is not so. The culmination and final phase of a movement are not the same thing. In Michael Angelo and Titian we find the interest of sculptural form and the interest of colour, respectively, combined in a balance with other interests. It is later than Michael Angelo that we find the interest in violent foreshortening and muscle pursued as a kind of abstract intoxication; and it is after Titian that we find colour pursued with little grasp of form. So in the nineteenth century we find its special addition to painter's vision associated with a balance of other interests in the works of its typical painters, in Turner and Constable, in Millet and Puvis. These, surely, are among the great painters of the century. Monet is a more extreme and abstract pursuer of this one interest, and for that reason I spoke of his "fever" and of the "violently one-sided character of his interest in aspect".

Mr. Binyon confuses two separate questions. The first is, What were the additions made to painter's vision in the nineteenth century? The second is, What is the value, for the imagination, of these additions compared with what had been already secured? I am in agreement with him if he urges that the special addition of the nineteenth century was not so important for art as the additions of earlier times. That is why I warned my readers that the completing of the instrument, the last fling against its limits, did not imply that the value beauty or intensity of what has been expressed is greater than in the work of former times, or that the new instrument is suitable for all. The most vital and important matters in art are secured first; the greater part of vision had been explored before the nineteenth century began. Nothing that comes after Rembrandt can be so great a discovery as what has gone before, though spirits as great as Rembrandt may conceivably succeed him. It follows that the specialiser of the later time works in a narrower field than the specialiser of the earlier. All this is true, but it does not justify our minimising a real addition to the imaginative field, nor

speaking of even the isolated study of that field as if it were nothing but "cultivating the sensations of the optic nerve".*

In the second instalment of his reply Mr. Binyon thinks it worth while to elaborate some misunderstandings which a reference to the text will dissipate. He obstinately gives a mean interpretation to the phrase "powers of the world". To the Olympian these powers are divine, to the Titan and mystic they are devilish. For example I say of the Olympian, "if not a god he is on the gods' side and of their kin; he mirrors the perfection of their form, the happiness of their activities, the majesty of their calm and self-possession". What then is the point of his alternative definition? He chooses to confound with this semi-divine ideal the summary I gave of its declension. What I said of Velazquez and Vandyck was that they were painters of the end of the princely tradition, with its trace of a claim to divinity. Finally we reach the Philistines, who have some of the qualities of this ideal, without its art. It was precisely my point that Philistines are people who are deserted by great art and poetry, because the imagination of their time sides with the "Bohemians". But the Philistine virtues, devotion to a common ideal, discipline, restraint of emotion, have a great deal to do with art when poetic imagination sides with them, when in a Wellington they inspire a Stevens. In a race where heroes are not shy of poetry, a Theseus may find a Pheidias. The whole point was that the "Philistine" Englishman, with his love of physical perfection and discipline of emotion, had something in common with the classic ideal, but that the poetry of our time, being chiefly with the passionate rebels and against his petty and narrow version of the ideal, had left him with a narrow art. Where is the deplorable confusion there?

I must deal briefly with the rest. I cited Plato to remind Mr. Binyon that the emotions a State can approve need not be contemptible, and because he brings out with the clearness of exaggeration the element of discipline that was implicit in Greek sculpture,—not as an authority for the description of that sculpture. I pointed out that Michael Angelo was the source of inspiration to a definite set of great artists in the nineteenth century on his moody, passionate and violently energetic side. Mr. Binyon thinks it relevant to say that another artist found something else in him.† Possibly, if these great men had had the advantage of Mr. Binyon's counsel they would have turned their eyes away in disapproval from the "Last Judgment" and imitated the uncomfortable mixture of motives in the "David". It was my humbler task to explain what they did. And the bias of these rebellious spirits being what it was, it is not wonderful if my commentary has been warmest on the side that genius, in the nineteenth century, took. I see neither sense nor criticism in pretending that Ingres is heroic or Rodin not passionate. Mr. Binyon's point about movement and design would hold if "movement" meant that the parts of a statue actually moved. I pointed out Rodin's defect on the architectural side.

I should be foolish if I thought I had succeeded in keeping the balance true. But I protest against the assertion that I have given my influence to support the "current notion that the emotional expression of personality is, of itself, what gives art its value". I expressed the classic principle thus: "Personal taste, the 'expressing of oneself', is therefore a deviation, unless it means a little bit of nearer approximation to the perfect type. . . . Violent action and passion are also excluded, because this art aims at affecting the mind not by an extremity of emotion but by the more bracing rhythms of beauty and the proud balance of strength controlled." The man who says that the object of art is the expression of personality might as well say that the object of handwriting is to

tell us who wrote the letter. There is, between the classic and other schools, a disputable ground as to how much the writing will bear of personal imprint. But the profound differences of art concern not only the beauty but the import of the writing, and it was part of my object to bring out these differences. Great artists lie together in our museums in a common bond of beauty, but not of significance. Great men do not all mean the same thing; their imaginations of the world conflict, and are mutually destructive. We must beware of the bland Arnoldian illusion that supposes these differences to be composed in the cultured mind. When Mr. Binyon takes Barye to his bosom, he takes an artist who has lent his imagination to the tiger, and the tiger's idea is not that the "eternal laws" have made the world for man. The worlds of man's imagination are not one; the world of Julius Cæsar is not the same as the world of Jesus Christ. And the critic who has to deal with lesser imaginations must not, in his haste to declare a "consistent attitude" of his own, attenuate the incompatibilities of a Goya, an Ingres and a Rossetti. He must first of all make these plain.

D. S. MACCOLL.

THE VICE OF TAKING NOTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mustians, Eton, Bucks, 16 February, 1904.

SIR,—I was much interested to read an article, in your issue of 30 January, attacking the habit of taking notes in all its forms. With much that was stated by you, with humorous hyperbole, I am in entire concurrence. Memory is no doubt weakened by a feeble dependence upon the written word; and as for the student who has been racing with his pen after a lecturer, I quite agree with what a witty writer said of the probable mental condition at the end of the process "His note-book is full; his head empty; and his self-satisfaction complete".

But from the point of view of a schoolmaster I should consider that note-taking, in moderation, is a great help to most boys. I did not always believe this; but experience and observation gradually showed me that it could prove a very solid assistance in the majority of cases. I was accustomed to say to a new class that I desired all boys in my division to take notes; but I did not make it compulsory, though I always looked through the note-books at intervals, and mark good work highly. What I used to advise the boys to do was not so much to copy down what was said, as to try and get the *point* of a comment, or make a brief indication of anything that they had not heard before, and would wish to recollect.

I am sure that one of the great difficulties with boys is to teach them how to concentrate their attention, and especially in the wasteful and desultory method of teaching which we call "construing" a species of lessons which, I have always thought, seems devised with marvellous ingenuity, to alienate the attention of restless boyhood.

The habit of taking such notes as I have described not only serves as a kind of anchor to a boy's mind, and to a certain extent keeps his attention on what is going forward; but it also provides a good mental gymnastic, in training boys to pick out the exact point of a statement, and to distinguish between what is important and what is otiose.

I used to observe a considerable improvement taking place in these respects in individual cases; and I must add that I always found the looking over the note-books interesting work from the indications of individuality that they afforded, and the obvious interest that many boys took in the process.

Of course, to gain such benefit as I have described, a boy needs certain quickness both in thought and pen; and it may be admitted that boys whose thoughts moved slowly, and whose writing was a deliberate process, gained very little; but for the average boy I have no doubt that, kept within reasonable bounds, the habit of trying to take condensed notes is an excellent mental discipline.

I remain, Sir, very faithfully yours,

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

* In my reference to Barye I made no comparison of him with Monet as an artist: I merely pointed out that the theoretic arguments used by Mr. Binyon against the one might be turned against the other. With his amplification of what I have said of Barye I have naturally no quarrel.

† This was what I had in my mind when I said that Burne-Jones had borrowed muscles for which his characters had no use.

CRABBE AND GEORGE GISSING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Poole, Dorset, 14 February.

SIR,—Among the many brilliant passages of the Hon. Maurice Baring's review of Canon Ainger's "Crabbe" in your issue of yesterday surely the following shines most brightly:

"I would indeed be inclined to adduce the work of Crabbe as that of the perfect realist, who although he saw life without illusions, and did not flinch from describing all that he saw, nevertheless did not do so with the callousness of a vivisector but was filled with the sense of the pathos of life and with pity for the

'Poor blind bewildered human race
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die and are equal in the dust at last.'

Does not this sentence, if you read "Gissing" for "Crabbe", form a perfect verdict upon the kind-hearted author of "The Nether World"?

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

HERBERT H. STURMER.

ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 Alcester Street, Stoke, Devonport,
7 February, 1904.

SIR,—Under the above heading Mr. Runciman indulges in sweeping asseverations anent the English organist of to-day. His account of the style of meeting which obtains with the College of Organists and the Illiterate Society of Musicians (good word that—illiterate) is distinctly humorous albeit true to a certain extent. He tells us that Bach and Handel are discussed as the latest developments of music.

Leaving Handel out of the question as a composer wholly filled with the mannerisms of his time, I contend that the more the works of Bach are studied the more one is forced to admit that nothing really musical has been produced in these days which has not already been forecasted and often better put in practice by the old eighteenth-century Master.

We are further told that consecutive fifths and false relations are treated at these meetings as really important matters. Judged by the compositions of certain modern writers, whom I suppose Mr. Runciman considers emancipated from these trammels, I should certainly say these two points are of greater importance than they have ever been since the rules thereon were adopted. The musical world has been inundated by laudatory criticisms of a recent English oratorio, a work overstrewn with cacophonous consecutive fifths, and most unjustifiable, because most inartistic, false relations. Is this kind of thing music? Is a puzzle barbarously drawn on ruled paper with signs called notes to be therefore stamped as music of marvellous beauty? Marvellous straining at a gnat forsooth!

But, says Mr. Runciman, "Should your ordinary organist compose, he writes anthems and organ fugues without consecutive fifths and false relations. And that is all". So it is—all—everything; the unsensational, human music that remains firmly established, unmoved by the giddy trivialities of the pantomime manager's chromatic sixths and sevenths which he demands from the theatre band when the unrealities of stage-storm or the exaggerated emotions of the woman with a past, present, or future are to be portrayed. Let us pass on. The playing of arrangements of orchestral scores by the ordinary member of the College of Organists opens up a subject which has great possibilities. It is a question whether in arrangements of this kind it is right to attempt on a totally distinct type of instrument to give an exact reproduc-

tion of what was originally written for twelve or more other distinct types of instruments, or whether it is not better to arrange so that the result may be suitable to the characteristic temperament of an organ.

If an arrangement be made for full orchestra or military band of a piece written originally for the pianoforte do you expect to hear the original effect? Ye suffer fools gladly seeing ye yourselves are wise.

That is a strange sequence of cause and effect which Mr. Runciman uses when he says "As mechanical devices have multiplied and the instrument has grown easier to handle so have beauty and character of tone departed". This is bathos. What has mechanical device, which in organs applies only to key and stop action, got to do with the pipes themselves?

Mr. Runciman is rightly strong in his strictures on the churchwardens and mayors (using these titles as representing the non-musical choosing committee) who demand numberless multi-named stops for their organs thereby sacrificing to Mammon the costly material and good workmanship which a century and more ago were the *sine qua non* of the king of instruments.

In conclusion, let me be among those who prefer to hear and delight in music in an upright attitude, not horizontally as I am informed is necessary for the proper appreciation of modern music—the "Heldenleben" for instance—lest in such an abnormal position I at last become one of Mr. Runciman's mummies.

Ah, that guide of Mark Twain's Innocents! 'Gyptian mummy! What did he die of? Measles likely? I do not know—possibly of consecutive fifths and false relations.

F. W. MORETON.

THE WORST THREE TAGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"The Norfolks," Clare, Suffolk,
16 February, 1904.

SIR,—As tags that should be used no longer, I suggest the following:—

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

"The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton"

I do not know whether these meet the case, but I do know that I should be very pleased to receive the SATURDAY REVIEW free for one year.

Yours faithfully,

W. W. CAMPION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Jorden House, London Road, Tunbridge Wells.

SIR,—The following tags might find place in your index expurgatorius: "This gives us pause". One of your principal contributors admits this offence and cries like Jorrock "capevi". "Look upon this picture and on this the counterfeit presentment of two brothers"; invariably misquoted which makes it doubly annoying. Thirdly, "Take him all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again" which for pure begging the question, is unique.

Yours truly,

L. BAUMANN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fawcett House, Salisbury, 6 February, 1904.

SIR,—It would be a satisfaction to see on your "Index" of tags:

(1) Cæsar's wife.

(2) Tabernacles, lonely furrows, red herrings.

(3) For Liberals—any attempt to "strengthen the hands of the Government".

Yours faithfully,

G. E. EDWARDS.

REVIEWS.

A FLEET STREET CARDWELL.

"The Problem of the Army." By L. S. Amery.
London: E. Arnold. 1903. 6s. net.

A JOURNALISTIC reformer of our military institutions has recently attained a factitious notoriety through the publication of his ideals in the "Times", which has somewhat unwisely cast aside its former and more satisfactory plan of only entrusting military subjects to experts who knew what they were talking about. Mr. Amery's proposals cover practically every branch of military administration, and may be summarised thus. Our real "strategic front" is a line drawn from the Cape to Kamschatka; and so our striking force should be distributed mainly between South Africa, Canada, and Australia, and not be concentrated in these islands. By this plan he claims that it would be more favourably situated as regards the "strategic front", and would enjoy greater training facilities. He attacks the linked-battalion and army-corps systems; and advocates an increase of garrison battalions, and a decrease of regular. He deals also with military education, training, recruiting, War Office, &c.; and proposes that we should keep an ambulatory infantry division permanently at sea. In the circumstances it is perhaps inevitable that many of his plans should be absolutely impracticable, and should show an inability to comprehend the various complicated technicalities of our system. It would, however, be unfair to say that the book—in which the "Times" articles are republished and enlarged upon—does not contain some sound criticisms and suggestions. It would have been strange indeed if it did not, considering that the author has, by his own showing, devoted some four years to a careful study of the subject; and that he has obviously had numerous opportunities of discussing these problems with capable soldiers. Some of their views are reproduced en bloc, and are easily recognisable, whilst others have been altered or amended by the author, who, by the weight of his extended military experience, has toned down the crude views of mere military men. Beyond these two classes there is a third, containing suggestions which, if not altogether novel, are of so startling a nature and so thoroughly unworkable, that in common justice they must be placed to Mr. Amery's own credit. Amongst these we would particularly draw attention to the proposal to keep a complete division, 15,000 strong, "permanently localised at sea". Now to merit its name and perform its duties, this force must necessarily comprise cavalry, mounted infantry, field artillery, engineers, waggons, horses, commissariat and transport columns, as well as the thousand and one other details of such a body in the field. Moreover, as Mr. Amery admits, a "well-fitted and well-equipped fleet of transports" is also a necessary adjunct. But incidentally we might remark that horses do not improve at sea, even temporarily, much less permanently; and that freight is a decidedly costly article, whilst demurrage, or its equivalent, does not lessen the cost of transport service even if of a permanent nature. However these are but pitiful technicalities; and we have it on Mr. Amery's authority that his scheme can be carried out "at comparatively small cost"—a sufficiently careful computation no doubt to satisfy a complacent Treasury! Nobody will question the immense value of such a force. But how could its maintenance and efficiency be provided for? The author describes the fears and perplexities of our possible foes, when they heard that our fleet of transports had put to sea and vanished from sight, suddenly to reappear at some decisive point. But the great drawback to such strategy is that the enemy might elect to forestall our movements, and play the game which is known as "hostilities without declaration of war", which might materially expedite Mr. Amery's plan that a complete division, vanishing from sight, should be kept "permanently localised at sea", but not in exactly the same sense. To put it plainly no Power could afford to have an immense fleet of transports, engaged in dubious enterprises on the high seas, until the enemy's fleet had been effectually disabled.

Though many subsidiary points are touched upon as regards training and organisation generally, the real gist of Mr. Amery's proposals is a reduction of the regular army, and an increase of force on the "strategic front". With respect to the "strategic front" generally, we may say at once that it is impossible, from a military point of view, to lay down any fixed and positive rules on the subject. One day it may be India, another Canada, or indeed anywhere else, according to the exigencies of the moment. Moreover to carry out the plan of keeping our main striking forces in the colonies, each should be made self-supporting with regard to arsenals, dockyards and reservists—unless those units were to be kept permanently at war strength—when the cost would certainly be prohibitive. If on the contrary these items are to come from England, it is obvious that a colonial army corps could not move until everything had arrived; where then does the saving of time come in? Still troops might be required for other places than Mr. Amery's arbitrary "strategic front"; and in any case sufficient sea transport—in spite of his sanguine anticipations—would be exceedingly difficult to obtain at colonial ports. Nor is training ground so easily obtained in the colonies. Such unenclosed land as exists in Canada is almost entirely forest; and already complaints are being made in South Africa as to lack of manœuvring ground, more and more land being continually enclosed by wire. Mr. Amery is no happier when he descends to details, although he has toned down some of the grosser crudities of his original "Times" articles. Thus in place of the 12,000 men he had then allowed for the Garrison Artillery and Engineers he has now raised this figure to 22,500 in his chapter on "Ways and Means", which is nevertheless still too small. Again he greatly underestimates the requirements of the depôts; and he omits to take into account the provision of departmental corps and a permanent staff for the auxiliaries—not unimportant details in such calculations. What weight, then, can such obviously "slapdash" computations possess? His financial estimates are, as a rule, equally crude and unconvincing; though, through his ignorance of the working of our military system, it is not easy to follow his figures. In any case, he has shown that the saving in numbers which he claims to have effected is somewhat fallacious. The much-abused army-corps scheme of course comes in for a large share of ignorant criticism. The object of the scheme was to organise the forces at home into two distinct bodies—three army corps for service abroad, and three more, composed largely of auxiliaries, to operate in the United Kingdom wherever they might be most needed; the actual coast and other defences being entrusted to various auxiliary units, left out of the Army Corps organisation and supplemented by regular garrison artillery and engineers. This plan seems simple enough for anyone to understand. Yet Mr. Amery tells us that the South of England would be utterly defenceless when the Second Army Corps, now scattered over that area, had sailed. Thus he fails to understand that the Second Army Corps has nothing whatever to do with home defence, being solely designed for overseas service; and that the various auxiliary units, artillery and engineers already mentioned, have been most carefully detailed for the duty of safeguarding the south, as well as other parts, of England. Mr. Amery then proceeds to tell us that the army-corps system can have no reality because corps commanders have not under their control the whole of the railway system from their commands to the coast. But does he really imagine that, say, one of the Eastern Prussian corps commanders controls the railway system up to the French frontier, which also runs of course through other commands? It is not possible that they should do so, without causing the direst confusion.

Inability to obtain a sufficiency of men, to fulfil the world-wide exigencies of our Empire, is the real crux of the army problem; and the whole book is one long effort to evade this fundamental difficulty. Some of the suggestions are outside practical politics. For instance, how can South Africa be treated as a home

station? We admit the attractiveness of the idea; but we fear that it would be extremely difficult to persuade voluntarily enlisted men thus permanently to expatriate themselves. Another unworkable plan is the increase of the garrison regiments to 24,000 men for the occupation of all our coaling stations. The vast majority of these are married men with families; and, independently of health considerations, there is at most of these stations no room for them. But the main point is, would the married reservist re-engage for service at Aden, Mauritius, Singapore or Hong Kong, which Mr. Amery adds to these "health resorts"? We very much doubt if 24,000 men, or even a quarter of that number, would re-engage under such conditions. Passing to home defence, he would entrust this duty to an improved Militia and Volunteer force, which he appears to imagine can be formed into divisions and army corps, without that stiffening of regulars which all competent authorities know to be essential. He would organise many of these auxiliaries into an immense corps of cyclists; and he would have some "highly mobile heavy guns" mounted on railway trucks. But so large a body of cyclists would be extremely difficult to manœuvre, and would be very costly: whilst if he intends that the heavy guns should be fired from railway trucks, he must first reconstruct the majority of our railway lines, which as a rule run in valleys, and generally tunnel under all good artillery positions. But perhaps we have said enough to show that Mr. Amery's ideals are in the main impracticable; and that, through ignorance of details and inability to appreciate the financial effect of his schemes, he is not to be taken seriously as a military critic or reformer.

CHINESE CUTTINGS.

"Li Hung-Chang. His Life and Times." By Mrs. Archibald Little. London: Cassell. 1904. 15s. net.

LI HUNG-CHANG'S career has been dealt with so effectively by previous writers that one trying to cover the ground afresh must be at a disadvantage, unless exceptionally qualified by the possession of additional and intimate knowledge. Mrs. Little has, of course, no such equipment, but has acquired the greater part of her information in order to make this book. Still, much has happened since Professor Douglas wrote in 1895; and Mr. Michie's exceptional knowledge is diffused incidentally through two big volumes which are concerned with many things besides Li. Mrs. Little acknowledges most fully her indebtedness to these authorities "and yet more to the 'North China Herald' . . . and other contemporary newspapers, which [she has] ransacked painfully and toilsomely for many a long month, trying to reproduce the impressions of an eye-witness or at least of one who wrote at the time, as sure to be more vivid than any carefully written after account". The industry is evident, but it has betrayed her into relying too often on excerpt. Contemporary description may sometimes be more vivid, and the language of Chinese documents is often picturesque; but excess of quotation verges perilously on padding. We know, for instance, that Li rose into prominence in connexion with the Taeping rebellion; and we could have sacrificed the "Voices from Nanking" to learn more of his doings before we meet him as Governor of Kiangsu. Burgevine demanded notice; but as he really did nothing during his brief command of the "Ever-victorious", we should have preferred to hear more of the really remarkable achievements of its founder, Ward, who is dismissed in half a dozen (erroneous) lines; for he was shot—not "while going up a breach", but while watching his men storm the breach at Tze-kee. There was something pathetic as well as much that was sordid about the close of Burgevine's career; but there is nothing "vivid" or even lucid about the newspaper cutting with which we are presented thereon. The real facts are, we believe, that he was arrested while on his way to join a body of rebels at Changchow, in the province of Foh-kien, and was drowned—whether accidentally or on purpose—in crossing the Tsien-tang; but we defy anyone to ascertain what "foreign settlement" he had left, where he was discovered, whither bound, or where imprisoned, out

of pp. 25-6. Residing perforce, in those days, at Shanghai because the rest of his province was out of hand, Li acquired a knowledge of foreigners and their appliances which influenced powerfully his subsequent career. That he did not escape from the defects of his training and surroundings is to say that he did not cease to be Chinese. Whether he realised the horror with which Gordon would regard his execution of the rebel chiefs at Soochow may be problematical. The episode was discussed, like many others, in reviewing Professor Douglas' little biography in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 20 July, 1895, and we content ourselves with remarking, now, that Gordon's indignation subsided as time went by, and that the two met as friends when he responded, in after years, to a request for counsel during the Kuldja trouble with Russia. We are not surprised, though, that Mrs. Little should have been staggered by the apparent improbability of an incident connected with that visit, in the form in which it was told her (p. 133). What really happened was, we believe, that as Gordon preferred living in his houseboat to accepting Li's hospitality ashore, the latter went down late one night to see how he fared, and very nearly incurred a pistol shot before Gordon realised who the intruder was. The Taeping rebellion had in the meantime been quelled and Li appointed Viceroy of Nanking, whither he transported the arsenal that Macartney had erected, under his auspices, first at Shanghai. But the whole Empire was disturbed. He was ordered north not long afterwards to deal with a fresh insurrection (of so-called Nienfei) in Honan and Shantung; and we will let Mrs. Little tell, in her own words, how he became Viceroy of Chih-li.

"Li still continued to guard over the arsenal, now established at Nanking, over which Dr. Macartney presided; when a serious outbreak, which ended for a time in establishing a Mahomedan Kingdom in Yunnan, occurred in that province and Kweichow; and Li, who had by this time got an extraordinary reputation as a subduer of rebels, was ordered to proceed once more to the West. He was about to start when another rebellion called for his assistance in Kansuh, where General Tso Tsung-tang was getting into difficulties—the same who afterwards recovered Kashgaria for the Emperor of China. It will be remembered that on that occasion having no proper commissariat, Tso Tsung-tang, with true Chinese patience and pertinacity, sowed crops and reaped them to supply his soldiers' needs as he went along—somewhat slowly. It is possible that Tso Tsung-tang was already in his slow, dogged fashion subduing the rebels when Li arrived. Any way the province was soon reported as in order and Li summoned to Tientsin, there in concert with Tseng Kwo-fan 'and others' to conduct the necessary inquiry into the massacre that had just occurred there of sixteen French Sisters of Charity (including one Irish girl) several other French subjects, and a Russian merchant and his wife; also the destruction of the Roman Catholic Cathedral and French Consulate."

We pause for breath to note that what Li had really done was to head off the insurgents who were threatening Chih-li, that we are told nothing of how he settled the grave business upon which he was recalled to Tientsin, but that the net result must be deduced from the following words:—

"There having been some trouble between the Commissioner of northern trade and the Viceroy, the two offices were combined in Li's person after the departure of old Tseng from Chih-li. For the Viceroy of Kiangsi and Chekeang very opportunely dying just then Tseng Kwo-fan was sent back to his old post."

A propos of which we remark (1) that there is no such office as "Viceroy of Kiangsi and Chekeang", inasmuch as the two provinces belong to different viceroyalties; and (2) that "very opportunely dying" is a singularly inadequate allusion to the dramatic assassination of Ma Hsin-i which created the vacancy (at Nanking) that Tseng Kwo-fan was sent to fill. Whether Tseng's memorial on the occasion, and the description of his departure from Nanking a year previously, find appropriate place on the ensuing pages is a question of bookmaking which different readers will answer perhaps in different ways. The picturesqueness of

the phraseology in one case and of the incident in the other are undeniable; and if they have nothing to do with Li they certainly come within the compass of "his times".

The next twenty years saw him at the height of his influence and reputation, and using both to promote the introduction of foreign appliances and knowledge. It must be remembered, in criticising results, that he was not a dictator. If his railway schemes were dwarfed it was due largely to the obstruction of reactionaries, and of Chang Chi-tung who insisted that they ought to be made with Chinese money out of Chinese material. If his ships were found wanting in the Japanese war it was due partly to the incapacity of officers and partly to the speculation of subordinates who furnished them with bad and insufficient ammunition. The Boxer outbreak found him Viceroy of Canton, whence he was recalled north and entrusted with the negotiations for peace. It was the last effort of an old and worked-out man.

Mrs. Little's style flows more easily as she comes to deal with these later events, and some of her criticisms of European policy towards China will command general assent—its insistence, notably, on preserving "a corrupt and cankered Court" . . . and in "exalting the Central Government" contrary to the spirit of Chinese polity which is that each Viceroy shall deal with the affairs of the region which he is appointed to rule. She has some interesting anecdotes, and is not afraid to tell a story against herself. Her remark, for instance, made "half in joke" to a Chinese gentleman, that she really thought she must get an interview with Chang Chi-tung: "what effect did he think that would have?" and the reply "Oh, it could not make him hate foreigners worse than he does now"—is delicious. It was kindly of Li to write an inscription on her fan signifying approval of the anti-footbinding movement in which she has taken a prominent part, and to give a subscription at the same time to the hospital of an American lady doctor who accompanied her. Hospitals and medical science were, indeed, among the foreign methods which he notably patronised.

As we have alluded to evidences of haste, we may note a few. A mile is not the equivalent (p. viii.) of ten Chinese *li* but approximately of three. Shantung is spelt (p. 11) Shantung. Père Verbiest becomes (p. 60) Virbiest, and we have an idea that his nationality was not German but Dutch. The chief of the Korean Customs is not Mr. "Leavy" but McLeavy Brown. The real name of the Chinese General who is mentioned so frequently in connexion with Gordon's campaigns was not Chang but Ching. Mr. Michie becomes Dr. (on p. 102). "Chefoo coronation" (p. 119) presumably for "convention" is funny. Si-ngan is twice (pp. 315 and 319) spelt Li Ngan, and "Chang" Chi-tung (p. 315) "Shang". Tung Fuh-siang becomes (on p. 285) Tung Yu-hsiang, and in the index Tung Yu-hsiang. Printers are, we know, guilty of many iniquities, but a certain responsibility rests on authors, when pitfalls are about.

THE JADE NELL.

"The Story of Nell Gwyn." By Peter Cunningham. London: A. H. Bullen. 1903. 6s. net.

HOW is it that we enshrine the memory of Nell Gwyn in our hearts, though we have long since cast away all thought of her contemporaries, hardly two of whom could be named in general society to-day without provoking a stare of wonder? Nell's reputation not only lives but grows; and the oddity of it is increased by the fact that this is a reforming age. We try to feed the poor, to diffuse wisdom, to lessen human misery. Yet all the time we keep a soft place in our hearts for one who was not wise, who aimed at nothing but the dust and ashes of her passions, who was among the most conspicuous figures in an age of shame, and of whom little good is reported except that such a woman might have been much worse, and that she showed not infrequent signs of possessing a naturally kind heart.

Not much to rest immortality upon, truly! Let us

look further. "We sat in an upper box", says Pepys, who in his heart loved all the savours of the world, "and the jade Nell came and sat in the next box, a bold merry slut, who lay there laughing upon people". That is a vigorous rough outline. The scene leaps before us,—the King's playhouse crowded, courtiers bandying loud jests with Orange Moll, till the business of the act got quite out of their heads—so Tom D'Urfey put it,—and they turn round to the stage with, "Damme, what stuff's this?" To our taste it is a brutal picture, made little more attractive by the figure of the jade Nell lolling in the centre box, while men of sense and breeding pay court to her laughing beauty, and the orange girls beneath look on enviously. It is odd enough that our generation should come so near accepting the standard of admiration prevalent among the orange girls. Pepys was a better moralist than we. He never mentions Nelly without insinuating his contempt, even when he remembers with pleasure that he kissed her. And indeed it may be doubted whether anyone would have been more surprised at her present popularity than the jade herself, who to do her justice was innocent of pretension, and never claimed more than that a position which must be shameful to a woman of birth was natural enough to her, bred as she had been in the stews, and passing from them to the boards in the corruptest age of drama.

If one should see such a sight to-night in London, would one expect the woman's memory to endure longer than that of Lord Rosebery or of Herbert Spencer? Is fame given by caprice so absolute as this? What did Nell possess that merited long memory? Wit? Beauty? Charm? Goodness of heart? All those qualities have been drowned in heaps in the waters of forgetfulness since time began. At this very Restoration Court there was a woman who possessed them all in measure so rich that Evelyn, perhaps a little blinded by the vices of Whitehall, fancied her "some airy thing that had more wit than discretion". Many others judged as he did, for the temple in Margaret Godolphin's heart was closed to all save intimates. She was as beautiful as Nell, she was witty, she was at least as kind. Yet very few remember her. Is it because she was a saint?

"To Westminster" says Pepys, "meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them, and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings door in Drury Lane in her smock sleeves and bodice looking upon one . . ." So he went on, his heart beating no doubt a trifle faster as he looked back and caught the upward glances of the arch figure standing there beneath the May sun in her smock sleeves, while the twanging of the fiddle made his blood dance quicker than the milkmaids' feet. Of all the portraits one alone by Lely helps us to see Nelly as Pepys saw her then, a live and piquant woman, apt enough to turn wise heads and foolish ones alike, quick with vitality, and with evident marks of humour and of kindness in the features. Neither the humour nor the kindness is disputed. But they are slender titles to long fame; and even in her own day, when the measure of the kindness to poor prisoners and others could be estimated better than would be possible now, Archbishop Tennison was roundly attacked for having preached her funeral sermon, while Queen Mary, wishing to defend him years afterwards, could only say she was sure he would not have done it, had not the jade died penitent.

It is all stupid and unjust. But wise men take the world as they find it, regulating their expectations of things to come by what they observe to have happened already. From this point of view the preference shown for Nell's memory over that of people far better than herself is pregnant with instruction. For there are to-day both men and women toiling at great works as patiently and for as little profit as Locke or Newton toiled two hundred years ago, there are writers as brilliant perhaps and certainly as poor as Butler, there are statesmen no less eminent than Halifax or Danby. It is scarce possible that such men, not to speak of that host of others who spend their lives and break their hearts in the effort to sustain the fabric of this

vast Empire, do not sometimes dream of justice which will be done them when they are dead, of a future generation which will think of them and pay their memories respect when their hearts are still and their brains lie idle. Such hopes have sustained many a man under labours great enough to crush him. The hope of gratitude from posterity dies last of all illusions. Well, here is a test. Let such dreamers look at the fame of Nelly. Let them see how posterity, casting her wise eye along the line of men and women of the Restoration age, has picked out the worthiest of all to keep and cherish in her heart. A King's Mistress! A "bold, merry slut"! What an irony!

ORBILIUS AMONG HIS BETTERS.

"From Letter to Spirit." By E. A. Abbott. London: Black. 1903. 6s.

IN this third volume of his "Diatessarica" Dr. Abbott stubbornly persists in raising a flimsy superstructure upon unsound foundations. His postulates, if he ranged them in order instead of allowing them to appear as they are wanted, would probably appal even himself. He assumes that all documents which deal with the life of our Lord are to be distrusted, and even more in their statements of fact than in their transmission of words. So doubtful is their value that his own intuition is a better guide than their assertions. One passage is condemned because it is not in harmony with "Christ's deepest teaching", and another because S. John "could not be satisfied with" what we read in our Gospels. But these fall so low in his judgment that they are on the same level with the floating scraps of tradition, more or less authentic, that have come down to us and with the apocryphal gospels, which we have hitherto regarded as deliberate attempts to improve in defiance of truth and taste upon those in the Canon. All this is difficult to believe, and the accumulated material is difficult to deal with, but Dr. Abbott abounds in courage and resource. Provide him with one or two pieces of evidence on the same point, varying, as honest evidence always does, in diction and in detail and very likely in one or more cases with some omissions, either accidental or intentional; provide him also with some casual references and careless allusions where a writer has trusted to a defective memory, and throw in some glaring and absurd fictions. He will find a common origin for all, from which by various misunderstandings and perversions they have diverged, and will be quite content if he can show that his suggestion is possible, for its acceptance, as we shall see, does not depend with him upon demonstration. His method is one that might be applied to modern history. A flying rumour reached England not long ago that the legations at Peking had been captured by the Chinese; almost at once a full account of the circumstances of the massacre appeared in the London daily press. Dr. Abbott, employing the linguistic processes at which he is now expert, would have no difficulty in showing that both the vague and the detailed account were derived from one original in Chinese characters, differently miscopied or misread, and in presenting us with the authentic source. It would, of course, be old-fashioned and unscientific to suggest that the one was derived from the other. An example, no worse than others, of the process is his rewriting of the words in S. Luke "Rise and pray that ye enter not into temptation". Dr. Abbott's suspicion is excited by the fact that this Gospel omits the names of the three Apostles to whom the words were addressed. He neglects the obvious consideration that in honest witnesses there is always a certain degree of variation, and that this is expected, and welcomed as an evidence of veracity, by a competent judge. But he has his explanation ready in that baseless theory of a common Hebrew original of the three Gospels which we have already had occasion to examine and reject in our notice of his second volume. He discovers that "standing up pray", which is good Hebrew and good Greek for "Rise and pray", is near in form to "Pillars, pray" in the Hebrew language. The rest is easy. S. Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians says of two of

these Apostles, together with another James, that they were reputed to be pillars. It does not trouble him that they had the reputation, not the name, of pillars, and that they had it twenty years after the words in the Gospel were spoken, nor has he reflected that if S. Paul had known the name as one given by our Lord, he would never have alluded to it in terms which sound like sarcasm. The Gospel must be rewritten, and we must read "Pillars, pray" as the words of S. Luke. This compared with many of Dr. Abbott's achievements is a venial transgression of good taste and good sense. But that he should rewrite two of the words upon the Cross, and play what can only be called practical jokes with the Lord's Prayer is unpardonable. "Our Father which art in heaven" he proposes to reject because he can find no exact Jewish parallels to that form of address. He will, in fact, allow no originality to the Gospels. They have grown up like the Targums from the fanciful development of a few obscure words or traditions, eked out with hints from Hillel and improvements on Kimchi, and are the work of pseudonymous writers of the second century, one of whom had read Epictetus. The obvious truth is ignored that from causes so small results so great could never have sprung, and that the victories of the Church have been due to the novelty as well as the force of its teaching. Christianity, as a cento from Jews and Greeks, could not have survived.

But Dr. Abbott's position does not rest on evidence. His arguments, full of "may", "might", "perhaps", "possibility", "hypothesis" no more support his thesis than a wall is supported by the pictures which hang upon it. As the great German scholars, sober though not conservative critics, are complaining, this new theory of the life of Christ is itself a faith, as little amenable to reason as any dogma of the Middle Ages. The question concerning any hypothesis is not whether it is sound but whether it suits the general theory. If it does, the arguments by which it is supported are necessarily valid. They may be a mere juggling with Hebrew letters—Mr. Abbott makes great play with the permutations and combinations of "son", "word" and "soap"—or actual insults to common reason, as when on pp. 71-75 he argues after the fashion of Alice in Wonderland, or naively complains of difficulties in the Gospels when the difficulty is that he can find no ground for accusing them of error.

But such obliquities are not without parallel. They may be found among students of the cryptogram. It is a graver matter that Dr. Abbott has been punished for the spirit in which he has approached so serious a subject by a fall into grievous errors of temper. His tone is generally as supercilious as that of the worst papers in "Essays and Reviews", and he allows himself to speak with unjustifiable contempt of Biblical scholars in general. No doubt he is embittered by the sense of being in a minority, but he has no right to impugn the motives and the industry of students to whom the field is as open as to himself. There are few, indeed, among them from whom he might not learn lessons both of modesty and method. His recklessness in emendation of the Greek betrays the amateur untrained in the first principles of classical scholarship, and his Oriental learning is that of an uncritical collector of instances. He would do well to abstain from playing the part of Orbilius among his betters. And if he could gain the sense of probability and regain what the author of "Flatland" must once have possessed, a sense of humour, he would attach a higher value than he does to day to the judgment upon its own history of Christendom in general.

HERTFORD COLLEGE.

"Oxford College Histories: Hertford College." By S. G. Hamilton: London: Robinson. 1903. 5s. net.

IT might be supposed that the youngest of Oxford colleges, for Keble is not a college in the strictest sense, could have little or no history. But as a matter of fact, not only do its roots go far back into the past, but its record is a curiously complex one, singularly dovetailed into that of four other colleges. It is

the only instance also in either University of a college dying and coming to life again; and, to crown its paradoxes, as Magdalen Hall swallowed up the remains of old Hertford, so the new Hertford began by absorbing Magdalen Hall. Mr. Hamilton therefore has no lack of story to tell. He has moreover thoroughly mastered his authorities, and gathers up his tangled threads with commendable clearness.

Hart Hall—the ancestor of the old Hertford—was made a hostel for students by Elias de Hertford in 1283. In 1312 this was sold, together with a smaller hostel adjoining, to Bishop Stapledon, who was then founding Exeter College, and the Hall was the temporary home of Stapledon's scholars. Seventy years later history repeated itself, and while William of Wykeham's magnificent buildings were rising close by, his scholars also were lodged for the time in Hart Hall. The tradition of this survived, for though the Hall was merely an annexe of Exeter, and its principalship the best of the College offices, yet as late as Bishop Ken it was the custom for New College men waiting for room to matriculate first at Hart Hall.

The transformation into a college was made by the pugnacious principal, Dr. Richard Newton, in 1739, after a prolonged battle of thirty years against various foes, chiefly the interested opposition of Exeter. Newton's scheme brought in a connexion with yet another college by making only Westminster students of Christ Church eligible for the principalship. He built the ugly little chapel—soon, it is hoped, to give place to a worthy temple—and, had not want of funds happily stopped him, would have rebuilt the picturesque quadrangle in the same terrible style. His lively principalship forms perhaps the best-told chapter in the book. There were several Hertford men of note—chief among them Charles James Fox—but the college was not on the whole a success. Newton's statutes were absurd to a degree, and his endowment quite inadequate, so that in 1816 it had dwindled down to one Fellow and twenty scholars, and was dissolved by letters patent. The Hertford scholarship for Latin is a spar saved from the wreck, but the name is now confusing.

Now comes in Magdalen Hall, which had grown up literally under the wing of Waynflete's College, and had become the largest of the halls. Magdalen itself now wanted room to expand, and gladly took the opportunity to remove the Hall by buying up the site and buildings of Hertford deceased. Some fifty years later a fortunate chance brought together a Principal, Dr. Michell, who was extremely anxious to transform his large and distinguished hall into a college, and a true pious founder, a man worthy to rank with any of the great Oxford benefactors of the past, Mr. T. C. Baring, M.P. for the City of London, who loathed the University Commission and all its works, and was determined to do what in him lay to remedy the crying injustice done to Church endowments. From this happy combination arose the new Hertford College.

Seated as it is in one of the very best positions in the heart of Oxford, the College has wisely refused to move in order to gain wider room, and instead has thrown itself boldly across New College Lane. It was not easy to make a hall or lodgings that would not either jar with or look mean in confronting the great cliffs of stone of the Bodleian, but Mr. Jackson R.A. was the very man for the task, and has been happily able to utilise his favourite style. The great gate of the new buildings will enclose the beautiful doorway, with an "Annunciation" over it, of the little known octagonal chapel of Our Lady at Smith Gate.

The success of the new college has been in every way at least respectable, but in athletics it has been a veritable young giant. On the river it actually went head in seven years, a distinction for which colleges some centuries old have struggled in vain; it has held the Association Football Cup, and had the President of the Rugby Football Club at the same time; and in three years has had the Captain of the University Eleven. Mr. Hamilton omits two members who have played at Lord's, Mr. Fox the wicket-keeper, and Mr. Munn the left-hand bowler, and if his book had been a few months later he could have added two contributors to the victory of 1903, Mr. M'Iver and Mr. Samson.

A TRAVELLER'S TALES OF PRISON LIFE.

"Side Lights on Convict Life." By George Griffith. London: Long. 1903. 6s.

MR. GEORGE GRIFFITH, we know, is an extensive traveller who has the journalist's gift of taking in all as he passes, and vividly presenting it before the reader. But once he attempts to correlate his experiences and to systematise the lessons that he ought to have learned we feel that he has overstepped his calling, and merely exhibits his passing mental impressions, which are too sudden and superficial to deserve the name of thoughts. Nor can we always feel confidence even in Mr. Griffith's accuracy. He tells us in the preface that some of the articles which have appeared already in the pages of a magazine were submitted to the authorities and passed out as correct. We can only regret that the official scrutiny was not extended to the entire volume, for it is misleading on many matters. Why, for instance, does he still talk about nine months' separate confinement coming before penal servitude, when any one of his official friends would have informed him that the term has been reduced to six? Equally out of place in a work published in 1903 are the photograph and description of the wheel-house with its "mill" or "endless staircase", as if it were still going round at Portsmouth Prison. Doubtless it was in use when Mr. Griffith visited the place "on a fine spring morning". A great many other and even uglier instruments were busily employed in breaking people up, upon the very finest mornings, if we but go back far enough; but the treadwheel and that accursed "air grinder", the crank, have certainly been swept out of our present system. If the author will open the Prison Commissioners' Report for 1901, he will there read of Portsmouth Prison this very welcome announcement "The wheel-house has been demolished by prison labour and converted into an excellent workshop with plenty of air and light". We cannot attempt to reconcile the various sentiments and opinions expressed by the author upon prison management, but we notice that he frequently reverts to the amount of misery outside, apparently thinking that criminals who are, as he expresses it, "not members of the human family" should receive few alleviations and more than deserve all that they must endure. But we believe that this attitude arises, as it so often does, from want of the power of reflective imagination. In other portions of his work he admits how terrible prison is for, at any rate, a small minority of its inmates; he refers to "the curious hesitation" perceived in the speech of those "who have been condemned to silence for a few years". He tells us of a mother who failed to recognise her son, so much had his appearance altered; and he says that the lowest grade of diet in a French penal colony is nearly as good as the highest in an English gaol! Still in spite of the evidence of hurried and careless construction, the book is not devoid of interest, being brightly written and illustrated by over fifty drawings and photographs, some of which are very good. If only Mr. Griffith could in some way contrive to be shut up in a cell, there to feel and think about it, and so be made to realise what such a doom would be to one of his evidently strenuous and energetic temper, his next reflections about prison life would startlingly grow in value. Professor Anton Menger was quite right when he said "There is no greater inequality than the equal treatment of unequals".

NOVELS.

"Katherine Frensham." By Beatrice Harraden. London: Blackwood. 1903. 6s.

There is a note of wistfulness in all Miss Harraden's books. Her sense of the beauty of the world and its sadness is apparent in all she writes. She seems ever conscious of the tears that lie beneath the surface of things, of our capacities for pain, of those imperfect sympathies which can never quite identify us with one another. Granted that the world is beautiful and desirable, how lonely, how inexpressibly lonely must needs be the passage of every susceptible soul here. That is the cry—the cry of pain which springs from her

heart and which seems to haunt the pages of her books. It is by her recognition of this sense of solitude, by her intimate understanding of that craving for sympathy which makes human beings cling together, that she appeals so powerfully to so many different kinds of readers. In "Katherine Frensham" she has chosen a subject which exhibits her in her most sympathetic mood. The story is very slight and the Norwegian "local colour" is distinctly tiresome, but the book has that pervading charm which renders its author safe from minute or carping criticism.

"The Foolish Virgins." By Alfred Sutro. London: Chatto and Windus. 1904. 1s.

This small collection of stories misses excellence but does not miss it by much. When one remembers how ill such records are usually done in the English tongue one is grateful even for the mercies of "The Foolish Virgins". Their note escapes at least the sentimental sameness of the magazine-made short story which has become an even drearier inflection than the magazine romance. Its most conspicuous weakness is an indecision between epigram and reality. Heaven has, happily, divorced the two, and only the great masters of fiction can reconcile us to their unnatural union. A good deal of Mr. Sutro's work is spoilt by this hesitation between simplicity and artificial cleverness, and his best effects are obtained when he does not try to combine them. Sometimes he is banal, and occasionally makes too obvious an effort to escape banality by giving an unexpected twist to a typical situation. Such a situation is cleverly treated in "When a Merry Maiden Marries". With a more delicate sincerity, a less obvious suggestiveness, the story would have been admirable; the contrast of masculine and feminine suasion by exactly opposite methods, forming a satire which could scarcely be too lightly handled. There is good work also in "In the Very Best Society", though there the note is strained more often, and one is conscious, as throughout the book, rather of a merit nearly missed than clearly indicated.

"Confession d'un Homme d'Aujourd'hui." Par Abel Hermant. Paris: Ollendorff. 1904. 3fr. 50c.

This is not a novel in the true sense of the word. M. Abel Hermant gives us the crude, cynical diary of a soul as much devoid of sentiment as it is ignorant of morals. There is a total lack of pathos about the book, and about the man it pictures, who, through various stages of life, as a teacher, as a business-man, a traveller, a journalist, occasionally as a lover, sets himself the task of opening to us, with his observant, acutely intelligent mind, the baseness of his heart, incapable of one generous instinct. His vanity would be revolting—if it were not ridiculous. Such are, at any rate, the statements he makes of his own abilities: "J'étais organisé pour devenir compétent tour à tour en toutes les spécialités où il me plairait de m'adonner. . . . None the less wonderful is the sharpness of his insight into his own character. "Lorsque je regarde en moi, j'ai l'œil du maître." This is true enough, making an allowance for a certain habit sadly evident in him, which puts one in mind of the Cardinal de Retz, as he has drawn himself to posterity in his *Memoirs*: he, also, disdaining to admit he had any good points, would fondly pick up in his nature the vilest elements, to describe them with pride, and revel in assigning to his actions, right or wrong, the most contemptible causes. This being said, it is mere justice to praise the highly literary form of the work, the author's excellent and concise style, which seems to fit his thoughts as a well-cut garment fits a body. It is not heavy with ornaments, not crowded with qualifications, but as clear as running water. If such language, from too great correctness, is apt to become dry, it is in this case well adapted to painting the cold, hard, passionless portrait which is revealed to our eyes.

"John Maxwell's Marriage." By Stephen Gwynn. London: Macmillan. 1903. 6s.

The name of Stephen Gwynn on a novel signifies "safety". One may be quite sure that there is no risk in embarking upon the reading of it. We know that we shall be carried pleasantly and profitably to our journey's end and that we shall have no violence done

to our feelings by the way. Mr. Gwynn is conscientious, and conscientiousness is not a quality that is very common among modern novelists. In one way it is a stumbling block. It delays action. Mr. Gwynn is not to be hurried by the reader who is all agog to know what is going to happen. "Keep quite calm my dear sir", he seems to say, "I am going on with the story in a minute, but just stop with me to examine this landscape or this pretty sentence that I have just written". And the reader if he is wise, stops and is rewarded for his pains by a glimpse of something as seen by the eyes of a man with a heart to understand. But the foolish reader in a hurry is bothered by the pause, and finds only weariness in the delay. "John Maxwell's Marriage" exhibits all Mr. Gwynn's qualities—his charm, his humour and his gracefulness, and will appeal to all those who value the genuine literary feeling in fiction.

"Peelah, or the Bewitched Maiden of Nepal." By Ernest Manfred. London: Sonnenschein. 1904. 6s.

It is impossible to treat this book seriously. The nonsense of which it consists is clearly the produce of Bengal. The Byronic *nom-de-guerre* of Manfred must conceal a Mukerjee or a Ghose. If not let Mr. Anstey look to his laurels. Surely no other nationality could produce a heroine named "Peelah Leila Jung Rochfort" or represent a British officer celebrating his escape from Nepalese myrmidons by "making snooks at the whole box and dice" or expressing incredulity by crying "gammon and spinage". It may even be doubted whether an infuriated Nepalese general would emphasise his refusal on a matter unconnected with the fiscal problem by repeated declarations of "not for Joe". When we are further told that "the longest lane has a turning", and find a form of death defined as "strangled by the neck", it is impossible to avoid feeling that Manfredjee has thrown away an opportunity. If he had shortened and enlivened his book and put his own name to it he might have achieved as great a success as his distinguished countryman Onoocool Mookerjee.

"The Evil Eye." By Daniel Woodroffe. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

There is a great deal of very accurate and clever feminine observation in this book, and Valda Luigi, the unconscious owner of the Evil Eye, is a most fascinating and unusual personality, "bad style, but oh, how pretty". Her deficiencies of breeding and of style are described with a subtlety of observation, only possible to a woman's appreciation of externals, of slight indications in dress and appearance. The child Hattie is a delightful and very real creation, a quaint, affectionate little thing, with a pathetic, anxious squint and as extraordinary yet quite natural precocity of feeling. The descriptions of Malta and its inhabitants are most vivid and picturesque; the heat and glare and strong colouring of the scenery, the superstition and ignorance of the people; while the uncanny fatal influence of Valda is developed in a series of incidents always ingenious and interesting, owing to the skilful and humorous characterisation and amusing and significant dialogue. Altogether "The Evil Eye" is a story far above the average.

"Treasure and Heart." By Mary Deane. London: Murray. 1903. 6s.

Lovers of bric-à-brac will when they read this novel find themselves moving amidst congenial surroundings. The scene is laid in Italy: the heroine is brought up in a kind of Florentine Old Curiosity Shop, but we are told at once that she is really the missing daughter of an English house, and when her lover is reported killed in a hunting accident we (hardened novel-readers) suspect at once that it is another man of the same name. In fact the framework is of a familiar type, but the people are all very pleasant, except an unscrupulous French collector who is amusing, and a young Italian marquis who is needed as a foil to the Scottish lover. In picturesqueness of description "Treasure and Heart" has considerable merit, and the writing is careful. The book is very readable.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Two Centuries of Costumes in America." By Alice Morse Earle. Macmillan. 21s.

Mrs. Earle has compiled—the word is accurate—a vast number of books; and the number of volumes ransacked in the process is beyond calculation. It was said of a great journalist that he could not write, but had an admirable system of cross references. The same is true of Mrs. Earle in a domain which is neither literature nor journalism. She like the journalist has no doubt many readers; and the many excellent reproductions and lively scraps from rare old authors make up a book which it is pleasant enough to glance over. Done a little more thoroughly these snippets from the library might form a useful reference book, and for the writers of that species of literary effort, of which the best type is the *Globe* "Turnover", they are even in their present incompleteness invaluable. Mrs. Earle is a good extractor: she fails in the piecing together. How charming a touch of literary allusiveness would have made the chapter on "Mourning Attire"! Thus Mrs. Earle: "Throughout the 'Verney Memoirs' looms up a black bed which all down the centuries goes like a car of juggernaut from house to house, killing all cheerfulness in its route." One may forgive affectations to people who have nothing to write about, but they are unpardonable in a volume which is nothing if it is not an historical summary. Indeed all the book is interesting except the reflections and sentiments, one may add spelling, of the author. It is prettily got up, and well printed, well indexed. One would suggest that in deference to the easy student or "turnover" writer a bibliography should be appended to the next edition. Or would a bibliography give away the compiler's secret?

"Bacteriology of Milk." By H. Swithinbank and G. Newman. London: J. Murray. 1903. 25s. net.

Within the space at our disposal it would be impossible to do justice to this elaborate and careful monograph, which supplies a summary of modern research on the vital changes taking place in that most important, and we might say most dangerous, article of food—Milk. After a short account of the nature of milk the book proceeds to discuss in detail the methods appropriate to its bacteriological examination, and this section of the book will be of the greatest value to all public health officers and other specialists who are called upon to work in this field. Chapters follow on the organisms met with in milk, the lactic acid "souring" bacteria which might almost be termed normal, the various dirt-borne organisms, and lastly the pathogenic bacteria, which are either derived from the cow like those of tuberculosis, or are introduced from without and may be responsible for a devastating epidemic. The last section of the book deals with milk from the public health point of view, with the investigation and prevention of milk-borne epidemics and with the question that is rapidly assuming great importance—the public control of the milk supply to our great towns. The book differs from others of the same character in that it very largely represents the results of the original investigations of the authors; it is by far the soundest and most complete monograph of the subject that has appeared, and while indispensable to the specialist in this field will be of great value to every worker in the rapidly growing domain of applied bacteriology.

"Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson." Written by his widow, Lucy. London: Kegan Paul. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Harold Child has written an excellent introduction to this reprint, giving clearly and fairly the essential facts in the political career of Hutchinson. On the whole the reputation of this moderate Parliamentarian is not quite agreeable. It is impossible to pass over the wretched passage in his life when he abjectly besought pardon at the Restoration. One of his letters was a forgery, but the other, only less humiliating, cannot be explained away to Hutchinson's credit. On many other occasions Hutchinson bore himself far better. There is a very interesting conversation between Hutchinson and Newark on the famous occasion when the King sent the latter to ask for the ammunition of the town on loan. Hutchinson would not grant the request. It was at this time that the Earl of Lindsey was at the head of the Royalist forces; he viewed with little hope the attempt on Hull.

"The Infantry Weapon and its Use in War." By Lieut.-Colonel C. B. Mayne. London: Smith, Elder. 1903. 6s.

Colonel Mayne is a military writer, who has already won his spurs through his "Fire Tactics". It is true that he is principally a theorist, without much actual experience of men in the field—as indeed falls to the lot of few Engineer officers in the ordinary course of events. Still his present work shows some original conception as to the probable course of modern warfare in the future. We are glad to see that he has no blind belief in South African examples, which cannot be taken as a guide in all eventualities, and are at present acting prejudicially on the army in more ways than one. Some of his remarks on musketry seem perhaps to sink

to the level of the musketry text-books—habitually amongst the worst issued to the army—and relate in ponderous language obvious platitudes. We cordially agree with him in his cry for more initiative. For, as he rightly points out, unless men are accustomed in peace time "to exercise initiative and take responsibility", they are not likely suddenly to develop those qualities in the face of danger. But that is just where the shoe pinches. A too inquisitive House of Commons will never permit real initiative to be practised, with the result that commanders of all grades in peace time are not allowed enough "rope". Hence it is, too, that we find in the regulations grandmotherly instructions as to men wearing overcoats in rainy weather, &c., simply because on some such occasion many years ago, a certain "fatigue" party failed to do so, and parliamentary trouble arose because one of them fell ill.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Février. 3fr.

M. Charmes has some interesting remarks on the rôle of France in the Far East. It is easy to see in reading between the lines that there is a feeling of profound relief in France that no formal engagement binds her to assist the friendly and allied nation in her Manchurian enterprise, even though England were actively to support Japan. "It has always been understood," he says, "that our treaty of alliance only applied to European affairs. Its authors certainly did not oblige Russia to come to our help on the Congo or in Madagascar, if we were attacked there, just as they have not bound France to intervene in the Far East in favour of Russia if she were the object of any attack in that part of the world". And he cites the note of 19 March, 1902, as evidence in favour of his contention. If France had been bound by a previous treaty to help Russia in the Far East would such a further note have been necessary? "We can," he concludes "follow the course of events in perfect freedom of mind for we remain masters of our own policy". All this does not read like very warm and enthusiastic support of Russian pretensions. We also wish to call attention to an article by M. Pinon on the "Struggle for the Pacific". In this he puts very fairly and clearly the points of view of the various rival nations, but he eliminates France and Germany as serious competitors. He foresees, as we have always striven to point out, that the United States will some day be our most serious opponent in those waters.

The eighth number of the "Ancestor", appearing rather late, has certainly suffered in comparison with its predecessors from the regrettable illness of one of its most brilliant contributors—Mr. Round. We have however an article by the editor on fourteenth-century costume of great interest, founded upon illustrations of a manuscript in the British Museum containing the story of the Holy Grail, and the quest of it by the Knights of the Round Table. Mr. W. Paley Baildon has collected a number of recitals in grants of arms to prove that early Kings of Arms confirmed armorial bearings long in use, the object being to contradict by record the assertion by certain modern writers that armorial bearings not found in the books of the College of Arms are necessarily illegal. But the principal contribution—one which until we read it we contemplated with dismay—is an article on the Angelo family, by the Rev. Charles Swinnerton. As a piece of genealogical work, and as a specimen of the art of making genealogy interesting, this article takes very high rank. It is perhaps impossible to overestimate the influence which this Anglo-Italian family has had on fencing and on the sword exercise of the British cavalry. The article also contains some interesting notes of Mrs. Jordan's ancestry. An essay on the House of Berkeley is not we think worthy of either the subject or the author.

"The Fruit Garden" (Newnes. 21s. net) is a treatise of a purely practical character on the growing of all the ordinary English garden and hot-house fruits. It is written by George Bunyard and Owen Thomas. It is illustrated by photographs, and by outline drawings of the hardy fruits, apples, pears, cherries, &c., which should be useful to amateur growers. Mr. Bunyard gives some simple, sound directions for the storing of fruit. This is often done carelessly. With our ancestors the apple-loft was an important institution, and they took perhaps more trouble in storing than we do to-day in many cases.—Dr. Gerald Leighton, who has done good work in connexion with the study of reptiles in England, has now written "The Life History of British Lizards" (Morton: Edinburgh. 5s. net). The reports from various observers respecting the local distribution of the five species—slowworm, sand, green, wall and common lizards—strike one as rather slight, necessarily so perhaps. Dr. Leighton is a sound and conscientious zoologist, and he holds his opinions fearlessly. He has boldly said that the statement that the viper will swallow her young to protect them has never been disproved. Dr. Leighton's book contains much interesting information respecting a branch of zoology which has not been studied a great deal in England, and we can commend it. Some coloured illustrations of the lizards described would have added to the usefulness of this volume.—Mr. Ainsworth Davis' "Natural History of Animals" (Gresham Publishing Company) has now reached the fifth half-volume. It deals entirely with "Animal Movement".—"The Book of

(Continued on page 244.)

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Shrubs" by George Gordon is an addition to "Handbooks of Practical Gardening" (Lane. 2s. 6d. net). It deals with deciduous flowering trees as well as shrubs.—Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Memoirs of the Months" (Arnold. 7s. 6d.) is the third of the series which bears this name. It is a mixture of natural history, sport, and antiquities, and contains much that is pleasant to roam over discursively. Sir Herbert Maxwell writes of salmon-fishing with the spirit and freshness of the author of "Sport".

Mr. Fisher Unwin has added to his Mermaid Series of reprints plays by Dryden (2 vols. 3s. 6d. net each) which are edited by Mr. George Saintsbury. As frontispieces we have Nell Gwyn from Lely's portrait, and Dryden from a portrait formerly belonging to Sir Walter Scott.—Messrs. Ellis and Elvey have reprinted Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation of Dante's "La Vita Nuova" to which Mr. W. M. Rossetti contributes a prefatory note; he helped his brother in the original work forty-three years ago. There have been one or two translations of "La Vita Nuova" printed in recent years, but with no considerable measure of success. Rossetti was of course the ideal man for the work, but even so can Dante be translated, and not lose immeasurably in the process?—The Red Letter Library (Blackie, 2s. 6d. each volume) has two additions, O. Wendell Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and "Essays" by Carlyle. Mr. E. K. Chesterton introduces the former, Mr. Frederic Harrison the latter.—New volumes in Messrs. Methuen's "Library of Plain and Coloured Books" are "The National Sports of Great Britain" with Henry Alken's pictures; and "The Analysis of the Hunting Field" also illustrated by Alken (4s. 6d. net each volume).

"Lord Masham on Lord Rosebery's Speeches" is the title of a pamphlet on the Yorkshire wool trade and the cotton crisis published at the "Daily Argus" office Bradford. Lord Masham has no patience with the "absurd nonsense" talked by Lord Rosebery and others in comparing and contrasting the volume of our trade with the foreigner and the colonies respectively. We have nothing to hope from the one and everything to hope from the other. "No work, no bread, however cheap it may be" is, Lord Masham says, the universal law and therefore he urges the working classes who are capable of taking an intelligent interest in the question, to "vote solid for Chamberlain and the Empire".

For This Week's Books see page 246.

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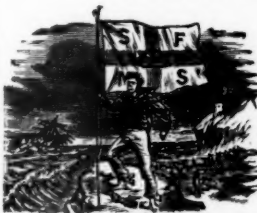
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ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.
12th February, 1904.

CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

From the Directors' Quarterly Report to December 31, 1903.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources 25,293'415 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 7'756 dwts.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses	£34,180 7 11	£0 10 5'776
Milling Expenses	8,038 7 0	0 3 5'579
Cyaniding Expenses	9,116 8 8	0 2 9'546
General Expenses	3,810 15 7	0 1 2'022
Head Office Expenses	2,071 5 2	0 0 7'621
Working Profit	57,217 4 4	0 17 6'347
	49,222 1 3	0 15 1'127
	£106,439 5 7	£1 12 7'674
Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account	£106,439 5 7	£1 12 7'674

Dr.		
To Net Profit	£49,733 12 11	
Cr.		
By Balance Working Profit brought down	£49,733 12 11	
Interest	511 11 8	
	£49,733 12 11	

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £43 13s.

The Eighth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders will be held in Messrs. H. Eckstein & Co.'s Board Room, Exploration Building, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 16th March, 1904, at 3 p.m.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

From the Directors' Quarterly Report to December 31, 1903.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources 21,282'846 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 6'908 dwts.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses	£31,528 0 7	£0 10 2'812
Milling Expenses	7,514 6 3	0 2 5'270
Cyaniding Expenses	8,399 4 3	0 2 8'445
General Expenses	4,753 10 10	0 1 6'517
Head Office Expenses	1,922 9 8	0 0 7'483
Working Profit	54,047 13 0	0 17 6'535
	35,497 6 6	0 11 6'274
	£19,549 4 6	£1 9 0'809
Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account	£19,549 4 6	£1 9 0'809
Dr.		
To Net Profit	£35,797 0 0	
Cr.		
By Balance Working Profit brought down	£35,497 6 6	
Interest	299 13 6	
	£35,797 0 0	

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £2,449 18s. 11d.

The Eighth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders will be held in Messrs. H. Eckstein & Co.'s Board Room, Exploration Building, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 16th March, 1904, at 11 a.m.

THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO., LTD. JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL.

From the Directors' Report for Quarter ending 31st December, 1903.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On the basis of 120 Stamps for Quarter ending 31st December, 1903.

53,530 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£59,901 17 4	£0 14 10'831
Drifts and Winzes	820 1 3	0 0 3'675
Crushing and Sorting	2,242 10 5	0 0 10'050
Transport	973 19 10	0 0 4'365
Milling	7,270 13 7	0 2 8'585
Cyanide	9,531 15 4	0 0 6'719
Slimes	1,373 11 9	0 0 6'156
General Charges	9,165 9 10	0 3 5'077
Less cost of working in old Levels	£71,279 18 4	1 6 7'461
	13,312 2 1	
Cost of working in old Levels	57,957 16 3	1 5 0'111
Gold Realisation Charges	13,312 2 1	
Additions to Plant	1,224 10 3	
	3,938 10 1	
Profit	76,442 18 8	1 8 6'601
	75,000 0 0	1 8 0'234
	£1,442 18 8	£2 16 6'735
REVENUE.	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Accounts—		
22,987'827 fine ozs. from Mill	£97,646 1 6	£1 16 5'649
11,808'246 fine ozs. from Cyanide	50,158 4 7	0 18 8'798
856'605 fine ozs. from Slimes	3,638 12 7	0 1 4'397
	£151,442 18 8	£2 16 6'735

No provision has been made in the above statement for the Government Profits tax. The declared output for the quarter was 35,652'678 fine ozs. = 13'315 dwts. per ton milled.

The tonnage of Ore exposed by the above works amounted to 14,124 tons.

The following List of Coupons were still unpresented at London Office on 16th December, 1903, and at the Head Office on 11th January, 1904:—

Coupons No. 12, Dividend No. 24.	B5. 0251.
" 13 "	" 25. 0251.
" 14 "	" 26. B5. 0251. 0275.
" 15 "	" 27. B5. 0251. 0282 3, 0282 6.
" 16 "	" 28. B5. 0251. 0282 3, 0282 6, 0282 9, 0282 12, 0282 15, 0282 18, 0282 21, 0282 24, 0282 27, 0282 30, 0282 33, 0282 36, 0282 39, 0282 42, 0282 45, 0282 48, 0282 51, 0282 54, 0282 57, 0282 60, 0282 63, 0282 66, 0282 69, 0282 72, 0282 75, 0282 78, 0282 81, 0282 84, 0282 87, 0282 90, 0282 93, 0282 96, 0282 99, 0282 102, 0282 105, 0282 108, 0282 111, 0282 114, 0282 117, 0282 120.

ASSOCIATED FINANCIAL CORPORATION, LIMITED.

AN extraordinary general meeting of the Associated Financial Corporation, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., when Mr. Horatio Bottomley was in the chair, for the purpose of considering the following resolution: "That the following agreements, namely, (1) between the Associated Financial Corporation, Limited, of the first part, Walter Owen Clough of the second part, and Philip George Tovey, as trustee for the intended company in such agreement mentioned, of the third part; and (2) between the Associated Financial Corporation, Limited, of the one part, and L. G. Brown, as trustee for the intended company in such agreement mentioned, of the other part, which have been already executed, be, and the same are hereby, approved and sanctioned, and that such agreements be carried into effect with or without modification."

The Secretary, Mr. L. G. Brown, read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman said that, at a meeting of shareholders in October last, he informed them that the financial resources of the Corporation were getting low, and that something would have to be done to obtain additional funds by the end of the year if they were to bring their properties to a final success. He then submitted a proposal to write down the capital from £1,000,000 to £200,000, and said that, if that were done, he could arrange to bring in another £50,000 or £100,000 as additional working capital by the issue of new shares. He got the authority, but after the meeting was so bombarded by protests and threatened with writs and injunctions forbidding the board to reduce the capital that it was eventually found necessary to abandon the scheme. "My friends did not wish to have their names put up to a kind of public auction as to whether or not they were fit and proper persons to taken control of the Company's affairs, nor did they wish to enter into a kind of controversy with the shareholders as to the outline of the financial scheme which they were prepared to support. In those circumstances, as the end of the year drew near, I thought it my duty to call together the principal debenture-holders, and discuss the position with them. I did it the more readily because they happen also to be very large shareholders, and my object was to take time by the forelock, and to enlist their sympathies as shareholders before their interests as debenture-holders reached an acute stage and overshadowed every other consideration. I also thought it would be a good thing to call together some of the principal and most representative shareholders, and, consequently, we formed two thoroughly informal committees, who met and conferred with us as to the position of affairs, and, having had several meetings, it was felt, especially by the shareholders' committee, that they lacked that authority which would give weight to their recommendations. Accordingly, on January 11 I think it was, we convened a conference of all the large shareholders—I think every holder of 1,000 or 2,000 shares and upwards was invited—at the Inns of Court Hotel, for the purpose of considering the best course to be adopted. That conference was attended by several hundred of the largest members of the Corporation, and the outcome of it was—leaving details out for a moment—that the provisional committee of shareholders which had been constituted under the circumstances I have mentioned was, to some extent, remodelled. Some of its original members retired or were superseded, and two or three new shareholders, mostly gentlemen who had taken a somewhat active, and not too friendly, attitude towards the board at that conference, were put on the committee in their stead. The principal gentleman—if I may say so without wishing to individualise too much—who took part in that meeting was Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, the gentleman who has since become chairman of the shareholders' committee, and who has signed the report which you have received. Several people have wanted to know from me what connexion Mr. Godfrey Isaacs has with us or with our Company, and I can only tell you that until that day I do not think any member of the board had ever seen him—I do not like to be offensive and say "or ever heard of him," because his name was familiar to many of us, seeing that it happens to be that of a very distinguished member of the Bar, who happens also, I believe, to be his brother—Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C. When we learnt that, we perhaps treated Mr. Godfrey Isaacs with a little more awe and reverence than would otherwise have been the case, and we offered no obstacle to his being added as a member of the committee. Then, so far as the debenture-holders were concerned, they thought that, in their own interest, they ought to obtain the appointment of a receiver to protect the principal assets of the Corporation, pending our making up our minds as to what we were going to do. Consequently, without any opposition from the Corporation, a receiver was appointed for them, and, being so appointed, he has been able, under the authority of the court and under a process which is well known to lawyers, to raise the necessary funds for the purpose of preserving what he conceives to be his principal assets. Up to the present, through the instrumentality of the receiver as far as the principal assets are concerned, and through the instrumentality of ourselves and others so far as the other assets are concerned, the whole of the property of the Corporation is absolutely intact, and nothing has yet occurred to in any way place it in jeopardy. That is the position in which the committee met a short time ago, after some weeks of deliberation—during which, I think they will allow me to say, every facility was extended to them by the directors and the staff—in order to frame their report. I was especially requested not to give the benefit of my presence or services at the meeting which the committee held for the purpose of settling that report, and until a draft of it was shown me, after it had been settled, I had not the remotest information that any such proposal for an assessment of the kind which is now going to be put forward was going to be submitted to the shareholders. However, the committee met, and they came to a conclusion. That conclusion has been communicated to you in their report, which most of you have received. I daresay you will remember that while that was being considered, and when I found that my October scheme did not meet with general approval, I made one more attempt to indicate a method of raising the funds we want, without any further recourse to any kind of reconstruction." Turning to the scheme recommended by the shareholders' committee, he explained that it was to the effect that there should once more be an assessment on the shares. They suggested 1s. 6d. per share, and three-fourths of the amount was to go to a separate company which was to be formed to carry on their most developed and proved mining properties. The Financial Corporation, as reconstructed, should have the right to subscribe for practically all the cash capital of the mining company, so that they would still be the proprietors of the proved mines, and thus be left free to develop their other assets and realize their holdings in various companies for the benefit of the shareholders generally. He adhered to his pledge that he would not again be a party to putting forward a proposal for any further assessment on the shares. Having said that as a director, he said as a shareholder, that he should oppose an assessment of 1s. 6d. per share to the utmost of his ability. He thought that it must have the

effect of squeezing out a large number of the smaller shareholders. The course he proposed to adopt was this: he would call on the chairman of the committee to move the resolution which has for its object the sanctioning of the scheme. He would then like any other shareholder—it does not matter who it is, but he should like it to be, if possible, a representative shareholder, if he might say so—to second that proposal; then, if agreeable—he did not know who was there representing the debenture-holders; but he should like someone in authority to tell them for the debenture-holders—either their solicitor or the receiver himself if he was present—what were their intentions and what their attitude, so that he might know how far the scheme, if carried, in its present or some modified form, would have their support. Having got the matter thus before them in a business-like and formal manner, he would suggest that they should then throw the whole meeting open for discussion. He had now given them a bird's-eye view of the situation, and had, so far, discharged his duty. He had brought them face to face with the exact position, and would now call upon Mr. Godfrey Isaacs to submit the committee's proposal, and move the resolution which they had heard read.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs said that if he had half a dozen eminent brothers the fact would have had nothing to do with his appointment on the committee to advise the shareholders. There was only one means of securing the money to conduct the business further, and that was by an all-round assessment. The committee were asked to say what they thought necessary, but the Chairman had described their proposal as an outrage. He thought that an assessment of 1s. 6d. per share was necessary. (A voice: "You won't get it.") Then let them go into liquidation. It was useless to ask for 1s. now and then have to appeal for another 1s. in a short time. The Financial Company had a large number of assets and a substantial debt. They must give the Company sufficient funds to pay the debt and enable them to realise their assets. They had no proved properties from a miner's point of view, but there were strong indications that they had valuable ones.

Mr. Isaacs then moved the resolution and Mr. Rickard seconded.

Mr. W. O. Clough (the receiver) said that unless the money were raised there could be no efficient administration. The debenture-holders were in favour of the committee's scheme. If the fresh capital asked for was provided and wisely administered on one or two of the best mines, he considered that it was more than probable that what was now proposed to be attempted would prove successful.

Mr. James Platt considered it an act of madness to ask for an assessment upon 4,000,000 shares. As a large shareholder, he would rather sacrifice all he had paid than join in an assessment of 1s. 6d. per share upon 4,000,000 shares. If the assessment were restricted to 2,000,000 shares, the shares would all be applied for and would soon go to a premium. He desired to move as an amendment that the capital be reduced to £500,000 in 2,000,000 shares at 5s. each, the old shareholders to be entitled to claim one share for two old shares, credited with 4s. paid and with 1s. liability.

Mr. Isaacs said Mr. Platt was under some misunderstanding. The number of shares could not be reduced in that way to 2,000,000. There were 3,000,000 shares actually existing, and every holder must be given the right to take up his proportion. Further, they might have an opportunity, under the new management and the more successful conditions in the future, of placing the other 1,000,000 shares. Therefore, it was quite worth while creating the 4,000,000.

Mr. Crole Rees objected to dividing the assets among two companies, and advocated assessment on the existing shares of 6d. each, which would give them £100,000.

Mr. Mayo, as solicitor to the plaintiff in the debenture-holders' proceedings, said that his client was prepared to recommend to the debenture-holders generally that the assessment should be reduced to 1s. per share.

The Chairman observed that an assessment of 1s. per share was the utmost that he should support. An amendment, moved by Mr. Horley, to the effect that preference shares should be issued was negatived.

Mr. Isaacs said that he was prepared, if the shareholders desired it, to agree to the assessment being 1s. instead of 1s. 6d. Everything depended on how many shares would be taken up. If 2,000,000 were subscribed for they would obtain the money wanted, but not otherwise. Personally, he favoured the larger assessment, and was of opinion that if they made it 1s. 6d. they would very materially improve their holding in the mining company.

The opinion of the meeting was taken informally by the Chairman as between an assessment of 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d. He declared the majority to be in favour of an assessment of 1s. 6d. on condition that the last 6d. should not be called up without the sanction of a general meeting of shareholders. The adoption of the agreements, with this modification, was then put to the meeting as a substantive resolution, and carried by a large majority.

The Chairman said that the number of shares on which the new company would go to allotment would depend on the amount the assessment realised, and, acting as a stop-gap board to carry the thing through, they did not propose to allot any new capital unless at least £100,000 was provided. It was open to those who objected to the 1s. 6d. to take a less number of shares, or to apply provisionally upon £100,000 being provided; but the articles of association of the new company would provide that the last 6d. of the 1s. 6d. would not be called up by the directors without the sanction of the shareholders in general meeting. Payments to make up the first 1s. would be as small as possible, and spread over as long a period as possible, with liberty to the shareholder to pay up in full and take his certificate.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

NOTICE.

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London: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 Bedford Street, Strand.

Publisher to the India Office.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE at the Office, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 20 February, 1904.